No. 1474—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

August 31, 1889

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

ENGLAND'S AUTUMN MANŒUVRES: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON ON BOARD H.M.S. HERCULES.

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A New Idea.—"It must be awfully nice to own a yacht," said Mrs. Knowlittle. "You can go to America then without having to pay the enormous prices the Transatlantic lines ask."

Taking Him Down.—Rich, Ugly, Old Man: "What would you do, little girlie, if I gave you a sweet kiss?" Little Girl: "Use plenty of Sozodont and Eau Angélique."

At the Great Yarmouth Regatta the swimming race for the Ulph Challenge Cup was won by Mr. A. M. Langdon, of Winchester College, who, in addition to the honour of holding the cup, received a medal value ten guineas. Mr. E. Boning, Great Yarmouth Swimming Club, was second, and won the five-guinea medal; and Mr. J. F. Standring, of the Zephyr Swimming Club, was third, and won the two-guinea medal.

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All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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PERSONAL POLITICS

Sir William Harcourt.

THE papers—Tory and Liberal—are all saying a good word for Sir William Harcourt's leadership of the Opposition over the long tough fight about the Tithes Bill. In truth, it has been very clever—just the kind of display of Parliamentary swordsmanship in which Sir William excels. And it gives its hero the "lift up" with his party which he wants. For some time Mr. Morley has been making the running for what is known as the reversion to the Liberal leadership. His eloquent addresses to the constituents, the freshness of his manner, his excellent phrases, his thoughtfulness seemed to mark him out as the coming man. Since then there has been a reaction. A Harcourt party has sprung up in the House, where Mr. Morley is not, and possibly never may be, a great power. Sir William, on the other hand, though he is not perhaps such a master of debate as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, or Mr. Balfour at his best, is a wit of the first order, a brilliant tactician, a clever and quick-sighted man of the world, and a subtle rhetorician. He loves the House, just as Mr. Morley dislikes it. "What a very inferior being your House of Commons man is!" Mr. Morley said in the earlier stages of his apprenticeship to politics. Now that is a remark that Sir William would no more have made than he would have uttered a complaint about the working of the solar system. He takes things and men as they are. He is not an idealist, but if he is a cynic he is a very good-natured and able specimen of his class. His huge form, his big double chin, his touch of pomposity, his enjoyment of a joke, all mark the genial *bon vivant*, who perhaps makes a better thing of life than some more philosophical colleagues.

In Private

Sir William is really a charming man. Everyone has heard the old story about the twelve college friends who decided to ask to dinner the man whom each disliked most, and how it turned out that the only guest at the feast was Sir William Harcourt. But I question whether anyone could say precisely why this was applied to Sir William. It is probably a reflection of his official manner. It is certainly not the tone of his private habits. A splendid talker, a man who has lived and shone in the great world for over a quarter of a century, a lawyer, a scholar, and a dilettante, Sir William at his dinner-table and in good form is a very delightful person. The cynic touch is there, but it is so extremely light. The wit is there, but less forced than in the House. Sir William is a family man, and he married an American lady, who is still beautiful. He is deeply attached to his son—"Lulu" Harcourt, as he is popularly called—a kind of boyish willowy edition of his Falstaffian father; and nothing can be more charming than to watch the two men, the old and the young, walking up Palace-yard arm and arm, chatting gaily, Sir William with his invariable cigar in his mouth, "Lulu" retailing the latest lobby gossip for his father's ear. Sir William is not rich, but is comfortably off. He has a charming place in the New Forest, which he dearly loves. He is an old *Saturday Reviewer* and *Times* correspondent. Disraeli liked him much, and tried hard to make him join the Conservative ranks. He holds a professorship at Oxford, and lawyers laugh in their sleeves at his law. He has told the country that he is descended from kings, and he is, perhaps, the most accomplished Parliamentary wit since Sheridan.

Mr. Balfour.

I suppose I must say something about Mr. Balfour, who has been getting his annual basting over the Irish Estimates. I don't much relish the task, for in this column I am supposed to speak of politics in a purely personal aspect; and it is hard to say much of him without taking sides. However, I suppose both sides would admit that since he took the Irish Secretaryship Mr. Balfour has become what he never was before—a great force in politics. He was the least effective member of the Fourth Party. The lank, languid, rather simpering young man, with legs about as weak as Simon Tappertit's, who parted his hair in the middle and spoke with just a suspicion of a lisp, was obviously clever enough, but seemed a little too clever to last. However, his later record has knocked talk of this kind on the head. In the old days, Mr. Balfour was only good for a set debating-society kind of speech. Now he is a debater—keen, vigorous, sharp, unsparing. The fact is, he has what so many House of Commons men want—a creed. He is an old Tory of the law and order school, and he says what he thinks. Add to this a metaphysical training—if you want some hard reading, take to the Irish Secretary's "Philosophic Doubt"—a kind of hard Scottish mind, a strong belief in himself, and a satiric turn, and you have the intellectual side of Mr. Arthur Balfour. Personally, he is a very pleasant fellow. Some of his friends think the Irish Secretaryship and the success it has brought have spoiled him, and that he gets too conceited. His family, however, like him. I remember once meeting him in a railway carriage with his sister, and being much impressed with his tact and real kindness. He loves the little Suffolk watering-place Felixstowe, and he will "golf" all day. He is a bachelor, rich, and his uncle's favourite. Lord Salisbury has often used him as a go-between in negotiations with Mr. Gladstone, who in the old days used to be very fond of him, and who always prophesied well of his future.

Henri Rochefort.

I can't help thinking that the most melancholy part of the Boulanger fall—for fall it is—is that in all probability it puts a final stopper on Henri Rochefort's career. I say probably, for no one can ever tell what will happen in Paris for more than a few months together. French politics are like the *feuilletons* in the French papers—there is always an "*à suivre*." However, it would be a pity if Rochefort never got back to Paris. He is the salt of journalistic life there. The French loiterer on the boulevards loves the first racy article in the *Intransigeant*—bitter, fiery, witty, unscrupulous—just as in the old Imperial days he loved the mark of Rochefort's pen in the *Lanterne*. For Rochefort is a wonderful writer—or, rather, a wonderful journalist. And he is nothing more. His politics are all talk. He sided with the Commune without being a Communist. He is a Republican, and is trying to pull down the Republic. He is a people's man, and is a Count by birth and an aristocrat by habit. The secret of his opinions is—he hates the commonplace and conventional. I shall never forget seeing him raging in a fine philippic at the dingy little office of his paper (the *Intransigeant*), on the night of Victor Hugo's funeral, his shock of white hair standing up straight, his rather unwieldy body shaken with half real anger and half with sham indignation. It was all about some unlucky man, some *épicier* (grocer), as Rochefort dubbed him. How he hissed out that *épicier*! That is just Rochefort's politics. They are all personal. He has no principles, except that he is quite unselfish. His wonderful verdant pen has brought him a large fortune; but he must be miserable out of Paris. He is an excessively nervous man, who forces himself into duels, and has that rare kind of courage which consists of an effort of the will rather than comes by nature. He has had a singular private history. Women have been very fond of him, and he has been twice married. His life is a kind of Parisian fairy-tale, or rather a romance *à la* Balzac.

M. Damala.

So poor M. Damala is dead. It is not strictly a political subject, but I can't help correcting one error into which the *Pall Mall* has fallen in speaking of Sarah Bernhardt's unhappy husband. The *P.M.G.* says that his first success was made in connection with "Le Maître des Forges." No; that is not correct. It was as Armand Duval, in "La Dame aux Camélias," that Damala first struck oil. He was an Attaché at Athens; a tall, handsome, sturdy, dark-eyed and deep-voiced Greek, when Sarah first knew and fell in love with him. He looked a strong man, mentally as well as physically. He carried his fine presence and impressive manner on to the stage, but his character broke down. Sarah and the new life were too many for him. She was always in love with him, even when they separated. But he was taken off his feet, went in for strange fancies—such as entering a French Algerian corps, and finally took to chloral, of which he died. A melancholy career! He was an admirable actor in his line.

The "Times" Paris Correspondent.

Talking of Paris, one can't help noting what an awful cropper "Herr Von Blowitz" has come over the Boulanger affair. Mr. Von Blowitz—who, by the way, is a Hungarian Jew, no more "Von" or "Blowitz" than I am—always insisted, until very lately, that Boulanger was not only a fraud but a colossal farce. Fraud he is, but the farce has been too serious for France's liking. Blowitz, however, is always making these mistakes because he really does not mix in French Republican society. For this purpose he is not a patch on Mrs. Crawford. Blowitz does little work, and, though he has an undoubted touch of genius, he is not the real labourer in

the *Times* office. The man who keeps up the great reputation of the *Times* Paris correspondence is Mr. Blowitz's aide-in-chief, Mr. Alger, once a reporter on the *Norfolk News*. Mr. Alger is small and deformed, but he is a remarkable journalist. He did the famous interview with Blanqui, the French Anarchist, in prison, which the interviewed so bitterly resented. I suspect he did most of the interesting preliminary articles about the Exhibition. Blowitz does the very big things, and does them often rapidly; but one often thinks that he is well paid with £2000 a year.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The "Dockers'" Strike.

who has at heart the interests of the busy bees of this realm must fervently hope that the great Strike of London Dockmen may hasten the advent of the "good time coming" which shall see Labour as well as Capital duly rewarded. The interests of Employers and Employed are inseparable. Master and Man should share proportionately in the fortunes created by enterprise, skill, and industry combined. This is the true solution of the threatening Labour Difficulty. Let it be fairly applied—as it is already in a few enlightened co-operative firms—and there would be an end to such deplorable social dissensions as the gigantic Dock Strike, which has demonstrated how lamentably bitter the "Battle of Life" is to tens of thousands of working men in the richest city in the world, wherein the Rich grow richer but the Poor become poorer. While the long lists of subscriptions pouring in for the relief of the men eloquently testified that public sympathy was on their side, such acts of intimidation as disgraced the struggle on Monday, however, could only stem the tide of charity.

Mr. John Burns,

who has come to the front as the determined Champion of the Dock-labourers in their demand for a wage of Sixpence per hour in lieu of Fivepence, is a "Social Democrat" of great force of character. He is a most powerful speaker, and a most capable and resolute representative of his poorer brethren. He

MR. JOHN BURNS.

is delineated by our roving artist as he was seen addressing a gathering of the Dock-labourers on strike last Monday morning. The companion sketch shows how a body of City clerks strove to do the work of the regular hands in St. Katherine's Dock on Friday week. It was computed that some eighty thousand men were then out on strike. As their fearless advocate, Mr. Burns, at Sunday's Hyde Park Meeting, and at subsequent large assemblages, has strenuously urged the men to stand out, and has strongly denounced Mr. Norwood's alleged desire to starve them into surrender. Most sensible men will join me in the hope that Mr. Sydney Buxton's timely appeal for Arbitration may prove successful. Meantime, the hon. member's kind-hearted suggestion that a daily meal should be provided for the Dockers' children may induce some of my readers to send Postal Notes to Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., 15, Eaton-place, S.W. As the name of John Burns figures so conspicuously as the Demosthenes of the men on strike (hosts of carmen, Millwall iron-workers, biscuit-bakers, and coal-carriers, sad to say, joined the "dissentients" at the beginning of the week), I may add that he is a son of Alexander Burns, an Ayrshire engineer. John Burns is thirty-one years of age; is a teetotaler and doesn't smoke; and was partly educated at Christ Church School, Battersea. He has profited much from night study, and has a capital library in his Wandsworth home in Spring-place. He went as a lad to Price's Candle Factory, but left it to become an engineer, in which capacity he has served on board ship and in many parts of England. He was working as a mechanical engineer at Hoe's Printing Machine Works when Battersea did him the honour to elect him to the London County Council; the usefulness of which he would greatly extend. Mr. Burns is to be congratulated upon having abated some of that mischievous violence of language which I felt called upon to deprecate a few years ago.

Madame Patti's Good Nature.

Madame Patti graciously consented to appear at the Eisteddfod. This great singer has often given abundant proofs of her kindness of heart and liberality, as the humbler classes in the vicinity of her castle are well aware. Let me give an anecdote or two of her good nature in her profession. Shortly after her marriage to the Marquis de Caux, Patti, Lucca, and Nilsson were singing in London at the same time, and the Prince of Wales suggested to a few friends that it would be a good joke to invite the three great singers to Marlborough House and enjoy their rivalry. Madame Patti suspected that the visitors would be making comparisons between the great singers, but, instead of attempting to outshine her companions, she took them into her confidence, and arranged a little scheme to baffle the Marlborough House critics. Among other pieces, the ladies sang the trio from "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and, although each vocalist knew the music by heart, they sang it over first, in order, at Madame Patti's suggestion, that they might imitate each other's voices. Consequently, when it was sung before the visitors, Patti, making use of her rich lower tones, sang so nearly like Lucca as to mystify the auditors; while Madame Lucca subdued her voice where her notes were strongest; and Madame Christine Nilsson made the most of her middle register, where the notes most resembled those of Patti.

The Prince Good-humouredly Confessed Himself "Sold."

But few vocalists of Madame Patti's reputation would have shown the same delicate consideration for rival artists.

Madame Patti's Mother

furnishes me with another instance of the diva's good nature—indeed, I could give a score, if space permitted. Her mother, Madame Patti-Barili, had been a famous dramatic soprano. In fact, she played in "Norma" only a few hours before Adelina was born in Madrid. Madame Patti-Barili, although a warm-hearted and affectionate woman, possessed that imperious temper which is not uncommon with the prima donna. She ruled her three daughters and her husband. Her will was law in the household, and Signor Patti, an amiable man and a charming tenor singer, let her have her way. Madame Patti-Barili's star was setting when the gifted daughter's was in the ascendant, and there was a strong feeling of artistic jealousy on the part of the mother. But when she became famous and earned a large income, Madame Patti made a handsome settlement on her parents, and treated her mother with affectionate respect until her death in Rome.

Madame Patti and Sarah Bernhardt.

Just after Madame Patti's marriage with the Marquis de Caux, she was in Paris, when Sarah Bernhardt, then quite an obscure actress at the Odéon Theatre, lost her costumes in a fire. On Nov. 5, 1869, Madame Patti generously sang at the Odéon for her benefit; and Sarah Bernhardt, then unknown to fame, handed her a bouquet, and, overcome with gratitude, was unable to thank the Diva, but kissed her hand. In a world of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, these little incidents are pleasant to recall.

Artistic Signboards.

The artists up the Thames, I am told are amusing themselves during the bad weather by painting signboards for the hostelries where they are staying. This reminds me of my last visit to the George and Dragon at Wargrave, where Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., painted the encounter between St. George and the Dragon with mock heroic grandeur, a companion picture by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., being a comic representation of St. George enjoying himself with a tankard of ale after his exertions in slaying the monster The last I heard of David Cox's famous signboard "The Royal Oak" at Bettws-y-Coed was the decision against the claim of Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, who claimed it as part of the property of the hotel: the Judge decided that as David Cox painted it for his friend Roberts, and it was fastened to the wall, it must be regarded as a fixture. George Morland's signboards, and those of many other artists, were painted to defray their tavern bills.

Who Was St. Swithin?

Has been asked frequently of late, and why it should rain for forty days because it happened to do so on St. Swithin's Day. St. Swithin was a Saxon priest of Winchester, and was appointed chief of the monastery in that city by Bishop Helmstan. Being very learned, Egbert, King of the West Saxons, confided to Swithin the education of Prince Ethelwolf, father of Alfred the Great, who, on coming to the throne in 835, made Swithin Lord Chancellor, and on the death of Helmstan he became Bishop of Winchester, where he was buried at his own desire in 862 in the open cemetery. The monks were dissatisfied, and on July 15 resolved to remove his body to the choir. But it came on such a violent storm of rain, which continued for forty days, that the monks gave up all idea of removing St. Swithin, having a superstitious idea that the rain was sent to deter them. They therefore erected a chapel over his grave, and in this way arose the legend that "if it rains on St. Swithin's Day it will do so for forty days after."

The Beauties of the Upper Thames

are seductively reflected in a succession of gem-like drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell in the August Number of the *Century Magazine*. These charming vignettes of the loveliest river reaches in the world, recalling vividly the dreamlike softness and alluring witchery of the Thames at Cookham, the Quarry Woods, and Henley, are illustrative of the vivaciously written article by Mrs. Pennell, entitled "The Stream of Pleasure." Boating men who delight to return again and again to the silvern stretches of their favourite river will be especially entertained by "The Stream of Pleasure." I caught sight the other day of Mr. Pennell (who is a valued contributor to this Paper) in the old churchyard of St. Clement Danes Church, placidly ignoring the rush of Strand traffic, and sedulously endeavouring to transfer to his drawing-paper any beauty lurking in the *façade* of the Royal Courts of Justice. But I question very much if the be-whiskered Pennell (his whiskers vie in amplitude with Lord Dundreary's) found any architectural grace to depict in the New Law Courts.

William Morris.

Perhaps one of the most influential personages in London life, all things considered, is Mr. William Morris, the poet, artist, scholar, and Socialist. Mr. Morris was born in London, in 1831. His father was a wealthy merchant, who died when his son was ten years of age, leaving him well provided for. He was educated at Marlborough School and at Exeter College, Oxford.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street, W.

He then studied with a view to an artistic career, but first obtained repute by his poem "The Defence of Guinevere" in 1858. In 1863 Mr. Morris, filled rather with zeal for reform than for money-getting, started in business as an art furnisher. He has proved that a poet may be a good man of business, for the decorating line has turned out very remunerative, and his success as an art reformer has been great indeed. Many of the best houses in England are proud of the Morris wall-papers.

"The Earthly Paradise."

In 1868-70 Mr. Morris published "The Earthly Paradise"—twenty-four legendary and romantic tales in verse, related by a company who have travelled westward from Norway to find the Earthly Paradise. Very beautiful these stories are—not since Chaucer has our language been enriched by tales so fascinating. Mr. Morris lives, with his wife and two daughters, in a pleasant house near the Thames at Hammersmith. His wife is a delightful woman, whose face was more than once transferred to Rossetti's canvas. The poet is a fine scholar, well versed in Greek, Latin, Icelandic, and other tongues; and he has translated the masterpieces of all those languages — notably the Odyssey of Homer. The Socialism of his later days has scarcely alienated any of his older friends, and it has gained him a great following among the working classes of London. There is an indescribable personal charm about the poet which makes all those who know him love him.

THE PROMPTER.

The Strike at the Docks... City Clerks taking the place of the Dock-Labourers.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The day on which the Goldmore Stakes were to be run for approached fast. Ralph had determined to witness the event, and on its eve warned Arkinstall that he should be absent from Becksford on the following day.

"If you're going to town," said the latter, "you might as well call at Beasley's and explain personally about those drain-pipes. They've made two mistakes about them already, and have taken no notice of the last letter."

"I was not going to London," said Ralph, "but I can start an hour earlier, and get to Sandown in time."

"Sandown?" repeated the old man. "Racing, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Ralph. He knew Arkinstall's opinion about all forms of gambling, and would rather have concealed the way in which he intended to spend his day's holiday, but a lie might be dangerous. He would infallibly meet many of his acquaintances there, and if it got casually to Arkinstall's ears that he had deceived him it would not be pleasant.

"Are you merely going to see the races, or to bet?"

"I have a little on already," said Ralph. "I sha'n't bet more, for the best of all possible reasons."

Arkinstall grunted.

"You don't approve of betting, Sir?"

"I don't approve of any way of getting money except working for it, or of spending it except for value received," said Arkinstall.

"Well," answered Ralph, "I put this money on nearly two months ago. But since you object, I promise never to bet again. I should like to see the race, but it shall be my last appearance on a racecourse."

"Giving resolution a treat, eh?"

"Why, Sir," said Ralph, "I think I've earned a day's holiday."

"As to that, I'm with you," answered Arkinstall. "But you must find some other way of spending your holidays in future. Don't forget to see Beasley." And with that mutilated permission he walked away.

On the following morning Ralph got his business over in London by an early hour, and was down at Sandown in time to witness two of the events which preceded the running for the Goldmore Stakes. They had no interest for him in the condition of tense excitement into which the anticipation of the principal event of the day had worked him. He got in among the undistinguished crowd of humble sportsmen who lined the course, dreading an encounter with any chance acquaintance. The grand stand and weighing-paddock were full of people he knew, as he could see through his glasses, and he was in no mood for noisy conviviality. When the horses which were to compete for the stakes dropped into their places opposite the starter, his trembling hands could hardly keep the glasses at his eyes. He scanned every horse's appearance, and weighed his chances against Peppercorn, his throat as dry as leather, his legs trembling under him in an agony of hope and fear. The horse which bore his fortunes was a likely looking beast enough, but there were one or two in the crowd that looked to the full as able. He could have cursed aloud at a false start they made, and when the race thundered past him with half a dozen colours ahead of the scarlet and white to which his eyes were riveted his heart seemed to stand still, and the diabolic clamour of the yelling crowd about him sounded like the murmur of insects through the mad pulsing of the blood in his ears. He clung to the rail in front of him, dumb and blind.

"Peppercorn, by God!" roared a stentorian voice almost in his ears.

"First?" he gasped at the man.

"First? I should think so! 'Arf a dozen lengths if he was a hinch. Hallo! Look out, here!"

Ralph's body had obeyed the wild sway of the crowd about him, and he would have been down and had his life trampled out but for the fellow's protecting arm. For a minute he was sick and helpless; but joy does not kill, and by the time his unknown friend had piloted him out of the crowd he was himself again. He gave the man his last sovereign, pressing it on him in spite of his good-natured refusal, and strode away to the grand stand triumphant—saved!

He found there the usual panorama of faces to be seen after every event of a racing day, expressing all shades of misery and rejoicing, as if the dramatis personæ of a nineteenth-century "Divine [or Infernal] Comedy" had escaped from all three regions which Dante visited, and had got mixed up together. He met a little contingent of winners, and took his share of the champagne which was liberally flowing. It had little effect upon him: he was already drunk with a finer intoxication. He could redeem the forged bill, and pay every penny of his outstanding debts, and yet have over two thousand pounds to the good.

His friends left him to see the other events of the day. They had no attraction for him, he could not rest in one place. His limbs seemed to be moved by springs not under his control, he felt a need of continued physical movement, and seemed to walk on air, scarce feeling the ground under his feet. It dashed his triumph a little to meet Michael, obviously in a condition of vinous excitement. At first sight of Ralph, Michael seemed moved by a momentary intention to enter into conversation with him, but thought better of it, and rolled away in another direction, after giving a slap upon his breeches-pocket with a wink and leer of drunken knowingness. The gesture might have been meant either as a reminder to Ralph of Michael's hold over him, or as a hint that he too had backed the winner. Michael seemed doomed to play the part of the Death's-head at Ralph's feast; but the latter did his best to banish him from mind, and soon succeeded.

Elsie had never known him so gay and tender as he was that night, and at the supper-table—they kept old-fashioned country hours and meals at Becksford—his contagious spirits infected even Arkinstall, ordinarily a rather moody spectator of the young people's happiness. His feverish gaiety lasted until the following Monday. It was settling day at the club, where the greater part of his bets had been made; and he went into London by an early train, and rattled to the club in a hansom. It struck him, as he entered, that during his long absence from town letters might have arrived for him, and, on inquiring at the office, received one. The handwriting was strange to him.

"Dear Mr. Purden,—Is *the old gentleman to whom it is possible you may have an important question to put in a month or two*—I quote your own words—Mr. John Arkinstall, of Becksford? If so, I am afraid you are in a mess. *He is Barnes and Burchell.* He bought the business nine months ago, and keeps the old name by arrangement. This, of course, is a trade secret, and I trust to you not to talk about it. He doesn't want it known. You had better redeem your bill before the Thirty-first, as he makes the monthly examination on that day.—Yours faithfully, Henry Martin."

For a moment the letter carried no meaning to Ralph's mind. He was sensible only of a feeling of exigent and horrible danger—that sensation a dreamer feels before his nightmare takes definite form. But at a second reading his mind cleared, and his peril became apparent and understandable.

Arkinstall was Barnes and Burchell! In seeking to evade the lion he had walked straight into his jaws. But how came it that the jaws had not already closed on him? Arkinstall made a monthly examination. But the bill was over seven weeks old. The date of Martin's letter showed it to have been written on the day after the fraud was perpetrated. From what unsuspected ambush would the next arrow of fate be directed at him?

Sorely shaken, he passed into the club. The smoking-room was full of men settling for the events of the past week, and in an hour he had collected the bulk of the money owing to him. He took another cab and went into the City. Arrived at the offices of Barnes and Burchell he sent in his card, and was at once received by Martin.

"Why didn't you answer my letter?" asked the latter directly he entered.

"I have only just received it," answered Ralph. "It has been lying at the club. I've got the money. Where's the bill?"

"Arkinstall has it."

"Arkinstall?" Ralph clung to the back of a chair for support.

"Yes. He came this morning—it's the last of the month—to make his usual examination. He saw your name on the balance-sheet. It seemed to shake him a bit. He looked awfully queer. He asked for the bill, and took it away in his pocket."

Ralph stood panting, with a face like ashes.

"It's the purest accident in the world that he didn't see it last month. His daughter was ill, and he forgot the day."

"How did you come to know that he was—that he was the man I meant?"

"I saw you seeing him and Miss Arkinstall into a cab outside the Gaiety, the night I cashed the bill for you. I thought it might be he you meant. It seemed worth writing to you about."

"My God!" groaned Ralph to himself. "What can I do?"

"You had better pay the money, since you have it with you, and I'll give you a receipt for it."

Ralph mechanically dropped a bundle of bank-notes upon the desk before him. Martin, sympathetic but rather puzzled, counted out the amount, and returned the surplus to him with the receipt. Ralph took them stonily, passively, accepted the hand offered by the man of business, and went out into the street like one in a dream.

"There's something in all this," said Martin to himself when his visitor had gone, "that I can't understand. That young man's been up to something shady. I shouldn't think old Arkinstall's such a Roman Parent as to spoil love's young dream just because a man flies a kite once in a way."

Ralph clung to the back of a chair for support.

Arkinstall's first sensation on becoming aware of the existence of the bill had been one of simple surprise that Tom should have left him in ignorance of the transaction, after consulting with him so fully on his other schemes of benevolence to Ralph. The bill bore the date of the day of Tom's departure. Arkinstall's explanation of the matter for a moment was that Ralph had wheedled his cousin into signing it, and had promising silence, though that did not accord with Tom's character, and the hatred of anything approaching underhandedness or secrecy which distinguished him. Also, what need had Ralph of so large a sum, when, only a day or so previously, he had received a loan of over three hundred and fifty pounds? This expectation had inquired into, and, with a grim expectation that it would be his duty again to make himself disagreeable to his prospective son-in-law, Arkinstall put the bill into his pocket-book.

It was not until he had finished his business with Martin and was in the train for Becksford that the idea of forgery occurred to him. With an awful sense of what the truth of such a suspicion would mean to him—and to Elsie—he tried his resolute best to put it aside. It was too bad to be believed. Ralph was a worthless graceless scamp, a wastrel, a gambler, much that was bad, but surely not base enough for that, not a criminal! The thing was too horrible. His forger! a thief! and his victim a man of whose blood, and the best fellow in the world, to whom Ralph owed countless kindnesses! Arkinstall sturdily repelled the fancy, but it returned and clung to his mind, so that the hand with which he extracted the strip of paper from his pocket-book trembled, and it took him a minute to fix his glasses on his nose.

He pored on the signature all the way to Becksford, and the horrible suspicion strengthened.

"Am I mad?" he asked himself. "It's impossible! Impossible! I won't believe it!"

He did believe it all the same. When he arrived at home he got out his letter-files, and in half an hour's search had found a dozen of these, Tom's signatures. He compared each of these, painfully and laboriously, stroke by stroke, touch by touch, with the name upon the bill. Like all business men of his long standing he had become in the course of years of practice a very good expert in handwritings. He knew nothing of the jargon of the craft, and could not have formulated its rules, but he had the *flair*, the certain keen business sense so difficult to deceive. He fought as hard against his growing conviction as his hard had been his dearest friend, but it struggles were of no avail. He was certain beyond any possibility, any ghost of a hope of doubt. The signature was a forgery.

But how to prove it? Tom, the only person who could put it finally beyond doubt, was thousands of miles away by this time. He had letter Arkinstall had received from him—he had arrived under cover of one to Ralph—had been dated "Zanzibar." It was already a fortnight

since its arrival, and it had necessarily passed some time in transit. It had been written on board ship, on the eve of sailing for Ulolo. Tom had said that from Ulolo his party started across country for the falls of the Marramatta River. The falls were four hundred miles inland, through a wild country, where the white men who had penetrated might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Tom might pass years in wandering about such inaccessible places.

Arkinstall sat with drawn brows and clenched hands, thinking hard. He was still vainly tearing at the tangled knot of circumstance, when he raised his eyes, and through the window of his study saw Ralph coming across the fields towards the house. He was scarcely three hundred yards away.

Arkinstall sprang to the bell, and rang a peal which brought the scared servant to answer it before its sound had ceased.

"Send Mrs. Frost to me. Then go into the village, find Blake, and tell him to come at once, and to bring his son with him."

"Blake, Sir?" repeated the man. "Blake, the constable?"

"Yes. Quick, man! Don't stand gaping there!" Quick, man! Don't stand gaping there!"

Mrs. Frost appeared.

"Where's Elsie?" asked Arkinstall.

"At the school, Sir. She went to"——

"Follow her, and take her to London by the next train. Give instructions for our things to be packed, and I will follow in an hour or two. Go to the Queen's Hotel, Piccadilly. Now, my dear lady, I haven't time for questions or explanations. Go, and do as I say. You shall know all about it later on. Mind! Elsie must not come back to the house."

As the bewildered lady left the room the door-bell rang. A moment after a housemaid presented herself.

"Mr. Purden, Sir."

"Show him in!" said Arkinstall.

(To be continued.)

CYCLE & CAMERA

Military Cycling.

THERE is no sport which had so many difficulties to contend against at the outset as cycling, and none whose growth has been so rapid. Everybody who rode in the early days will remember how his machine then seemed a legitimate target for the stone-throwing small boy, and a subject for general ridicule only. The old ill-feeling still occasionally breaks out in a police-court or in the daily press; but the fact that the Government has given its official approval to cycles ought, before long, to make a difference with the public.

There is no stronger proof of the rapid development of cycling than this Government recognition. It is only a little more than two years since the first experiments in military cycling were made as depicted at the time in *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and now

Major Edge

is successfully forming a regular corps of military cyclists. At first, as was natural, a good deal of enthusiastic nonsense was talked; and all sorts of impossibilities. Very small allowance was made for the limitations of cycles; it seemed to be thought that in time of war good roads would be as much a matter of course as an enemy. It also seemed to be forgotten that on a machine the rider must do all the hard work, and, therefore, risk the exhaustion that with the cavalryman falls to the share of his horse. During the first year's manœuvres there was some sensational cross-country work, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time, but was of little practical value. And, again, the fact that the experiment was made by volunteers had, as a late writer in the *Admiralty and Horse Guards' Gazette* pointed out, its drawbacks, for "it was never intended to turn civilian cyclists into soldiers, but to train certain from among our soldiers to be cyclists." However,

Colonel Savile,

who has all along been the most energetic promoter of the whole movement, went steadily on with the work he had undertaken, doing away with sensationalism, disciplining his men, and putting them and their machines to good practical tests.

The results of his efforts were seen last Easter. The discipline, drill, and marching of the men had improved enormously; and the cyclists were used by Colonel Savile not as cavalry but as mounted infantry. When, in the course of the manœuvres, they came to lanes or hills which were simply unridable, he put into practice the tactics he has always advocated. The men dismounted, a small guard was left to watch the machines, and the force, acting as infantry, marched forward to the point of attack or resistance.

If he had been less successful, it is doubtful whether Major Edge would have obtained the necessary permission to form a regular corps. As it is, he began work last May at

Walmer,

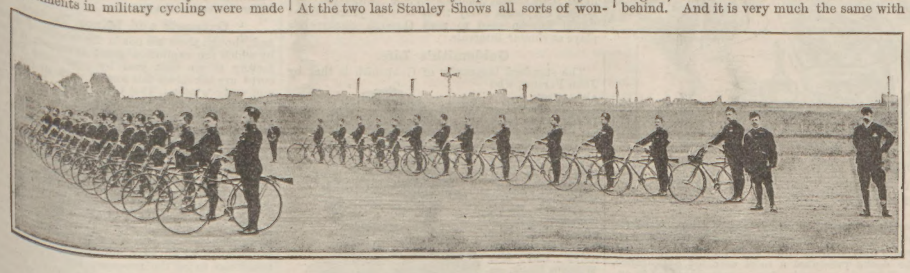
and already he has got together two sections and is busy with the third, and all this without any assistance from the Government, save their sanction. Not long ago his men were put to certain tests, such as riding from Walmer to Chatham, a distance of forty miles, and then inspected, and the results seem to have been satisfactory.

What position cyclists will eventually hold in the army it is as yet too soon to predict. In certain campaigns they will prove useless because of bad roads; snow and rain and head winds they will at times find a more serious enemy than the opposing army. Not until they have been tested in actual warfare can the future of military cyclists be confidently foretold. But I believe, with the writer of the article from which I have already quoted, that there may come a time when they will show themselves of value, and that in the meanwhile it is just as well that everything should be done to further and develop this new branch of soldiering.

It is almost universally admitted that the Safety is the machine for the purpose. At Walmer the men are mounted on Safeties, the officers on tricycles, all of which are Premiers. The objection to the ordinary in this connection is too obvious to need pointing out. The one track and the light weight of the Safety make it necessarily superior to the tricycle. At the two last Stanley Shows all sorts of wonderful military machines were exhibited; but I think it likely that, just as the proper function of the military cyclist has yet to be discovered, so the ideal military cycle has yet to be invented, even though those now in use seem so perfect when compared to the first ridden by soldiers. I remember, in 1885, seeing an Italian orderly mounted on a bone-shaker, for the war authorities on the Continent were much quicker in seeing the possibilities of the cycle than those in England.

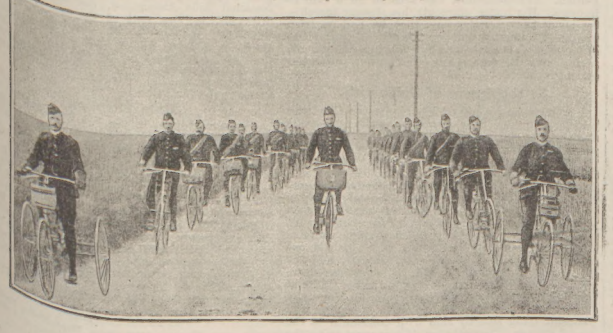
N. C. U.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]



MILITARY CYCLISTS: READY TO MOUNT.

From a Photograph by Mr. W. H. Franklin, High-street, Deal.



MILITARY CYCLISTS: FOURTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

From a Photograph by Mr. W. H. Franklin, High-street, Deal.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

THIS is the time for the painting, not the exhibition, of pictures. At Clovelly, at St. Ives, at Bettws-y-Coed—in fact, at all the English Barbizons and Concarneaus, sketches are being made and materials collected for the pictures that will be talked about next spring.

But, for all that, the exhibition season is not altogether dead in London. People have a way of saying that everybody is out of town in August, but I believe a few millions are left behind. And it is very much the same with the picture shows: you can find them without looking far.

"EGO ET REX MEUS" ("I AND MY KING").

From the Painting by Sir John Gilbert in the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Last week I was talking about the People's Palace. A day or two ago I strolled into the Continental Gallery in Bond-street to see the annual exhibition of selected paintings from the Paris Salon. If you have never been to the big show in the Palais de l'Industrie, I do not know that I can recommend this collection as a very representative one. You will not find in it any of the work of the most famous French or foreign exhibitors at the Salon. There are no Bonnats, nor Carolus-Durans, no Jules Bretons nor Rolls—none of the men, in fact, for whose pictures one always looks at the Salon, just as the British public always looks for those of Alma-Tadema or Millais or Orchardson at the Royal Academy. You will see suggestions and reflections of certain of the leading French artists, of Puvis De Chavannes, of Besnard, for example, but not the originals.

At the Salon one of the most striking features is the colossal size of a very large number of the exhibited paintings. Why, over there even Solomon Solomon's canvases seem only moderately big. At the Continental Gallery, of course, there is not space for the most gigantic, and only one really big one has found a place. This is Kronberg's "Queen of Sheba," here remarkable, however, principally for its size. I do not remember seeing it when I was at the Paris Salon in the spring.

And, again, if you expect to find at the Bond-street Continental Gallery any of the gruesome brutalities, any of the Zolaesque conceptions which make the English critic hold up his hands in horror, you will be disappointed. The only picture which in the least suggests what is supposed to be such a marked characteristic of French art is "Le Bal des Ardents," by Rochegrosse, a very well-known French painter. He has chosen for his subject that awful ball given by Queen Isabeau of France at the Hôtel de St. Paul, for the maid of honour, thrice a widow and now once more a bride. Was not this a sufficient excuse for an outbreak of the license of those days? As the wedding guests danced, into their midst sprang six satyrs—five chained together, the sixth leaping and turning by himself. Seizing a torch, the Duke of Orleans held it close to one of the satyrs seeking to see his face. A spark fell upon the tow and pitch of which his satyr's dress was made. In a minute the five were in flames. Only the sixth, Charles VI. himself, was free from the chain which bound them together in their death-agony. About him the Duchess of Berry wrapped her long-flowing robes. He was saved from the fire; but, with the awful scene, madness once more fell upon him.

Only a few years ago almost exactly the same scene was repeated at the artists' masked ball in Munich. Several students were dressed as Esquimaux in costumes made of pitch and wool, which, by some fearful accident, caught fire. Wrapped in flames, they rushed hither and thither in their agony; and, to prevent a panic, the band upstairs kept on playing. A friend of mine who was there told me how never again could he hear the same music—it was "Carmen," I think—without seeing that lurid dance of death. I at first thought it was the Munich tragedy Rochegrosse had painted, but the catalogue tells the story of Queen Isabeau's ball.

It is the moment when the flames burst forth that Rochegrosse shows the King crouching against his saviour in mad terror, the ladies in their high headdresses flying from the flames, the lords of the Court in their splendour looking on in helpless horror. But somehow the picture does not seem as terrible as the tale. It is all there, and yet it fails to impress one as it should. The actual technique of the artist is seen to better advantage in his little "Finishing Touch," where the subject is simple enough—a lady with a powder-puff in front of a pink dressing-table.

However, there are many pictures in the show which make it well worth a visit. And one of the most interesting to Englishmen will be Jourdain's "Lock at Maidenhead" (50), with the boats crowding into the lock, while the low afternoon light falls on the trees and the red-roofed house in the distance; the men in their flannels and blouses, the women in their gay dresses, fill the foreground with brilliant colour; and one can only wonder that of the many English artists who have painted the Thames so few have touched upon this side of its beauty, but have left it to a Frenchman to show how paintable is the life on the river. I remember the picture in the Salon, and was glad to have the opportunity to look at it again.

After all this talk about French work, let me show in this week's cut another example of an English artist, "Ego et Rex Meus," by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., which hung in this year's Academy. The brilliant beauty of Sir John Gilbert's paintings in oil and water colours has won for him the name of the English Rubens.

In two or three weeks the Arts and Crafts will give their second exhibition in the New Gallery, and it promises to be wider in scope and in every way more complete than the first. Then comes the second Art Congress, to be held in Edinburgh in October, and the many autumn exhibitions will open, and the art world will be alive again.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Her Majesty's visit, with Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Princess Alice of Hesse, and General Sir Henry Ponsonby, to North Wales has been a delightful change. Arriving from Osborne at Llandderfel (as sketched by our Artist) on the morning of Friday week, the Queen met with a hearty welcome, and was driven to Palé, a small Engraving of which house we print. Her Majesty expressed her thanks in Welsh, hugely to the delight of the people, for the gift of a hazelnut walking-stick by the Llandderfel villagers. Our Queen has to walk now with the aid of a stick. Bala gave her Majesty a great greeting, and Bala Lake filled the Queen's eyes with pleasure. A cup of tea at Glanyllyn, Sir Watkin Wynn's seat, was enjoyed. Ruabon and Wrexham paid glad homage to the Queen last Saturday; and Llangollen and Corwen did the same on Monday. A Mr. David Thomas threw himself under the Royal train near Llangollen Station. Princess Beatrice, her husband, and Princess Alice of Hesse descended Wynnstay Colliery on Monday. Hey for bonnie Balmoral on Tuesday!

While the King of Denmark and King George of Greece were welcoming the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, to Copenhagen at the commencement of the week, the Prince of Wales was sojourning still at Homburg with a host of London fashionables.

The autumn naval manœuvres opened briskly, as recorded by us last week, with Admiral Sir George Tryon's dashing attacks on Kingstown and Queenstown Harbours, and his victory off Cape Ushant, where a cluster of Admiral Baird's Ironclads fell into the hands of a Squadron of Tryon's ships. The gallant Admiral, Sir George Tryon, is portrayed on the front page facing a gale in the performance of his duty of defending the coasts and ports of Great Britain against the attacks of "the enemy," whom he shut up in Queenstown Harbour for some time. But Admiral Baird had his innings on Saturday last. The first decisive stroke accomplished by the enemy was struck on Saturday morning, when the towns of Aberdeen and Peterhead were captured by her Majesty's ships Anson and Collingwood of the B Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine and Captain Harris respectively. The capture of both towns came as a complete surprise, and was effected notwithstanding the vigilance of her Majesty's ships Watchful, Active, and Pigmy, with their attendant torpedo-boats, Nos. 74 and 75.

The Dyspeptic View. Mr. Edward Lawson's View. The "Docker's" View.

THE "BATTLE OF LIFE" CONTROVERSY IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH": IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

The news of the capture of Aberdeen and Peterhead on Saturday by "the enemy" had prepared the people of Leith for a visit from the ships, and accordingly on Sunday morning the turret-ships Anson and Collingwood steamed into the Firth of Forth. The Anson lowered her steam-launch, into which several officers descended, and steamed towards Leith Harbour. Bailie Gosman was found at home, and to him the invaders delivered a letter calling upon the Provost to consider the docks, harbour, shipping, and Forth Bridge in possession of the enemy, and that unless a ransom of £500,000 were paid before eleven o'clock the town would be bombarded. The Bailie promised that the demand would be considered. A letter addressed to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh was also handed to Mr. Gosman for delivery, intimating that unless a ransom of a million and a half sterling was paid before four p.m. the city would be fired upon. Mr. Gosman having promised that the document would be delivered, the officers left and returned to their vessel. The Anson remained at her station until the afternoon, when she steamed down to the mouth of the Firth and rejoined her consort.

The decision of the Home Secretary in the case of Mrs. Maybrick was made known on the 22nd inst. The prisoner's Death sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. When questioned as to his decision in the House of Commons, Mr. Matthews promptly declared that he d d not feel at liberty to make any statement as to the advice he had felt it his duty to tender to her Majesty.

The visit of the Emperor William to England has (says *Truth*) resulted in a full and complete family reconciliation, and he is now on the best possible terms with all his relatives. The Prince of Wales has promised to visit the Emperor at the end of next month, when he leaves Denmark, and Prince Albert Victor may possibly go to Germany for the autumn manœuvres in Hanover and Westphalia; but, even if he cannot go this autumn, he will certainly go next year, when he is also to attend the Austro-Hungarian manœuvres. All the disputes between the Emperor William and his mother have been amicably settled. He has annulled the family statute under which the Empress Frederick was required to live in Germany, and she will be free to spend her jointure how and where she pleases, there merely being a friendly understanding that she will pass three or four months in each year within her son's dominions. On the other hand, the Empress Frederick, on her side, has given up the whole of her husband's papers, including the Diary, to the Emperor William.

The German Emperor and Empress left Strasburg early on Friday week for Metz. On their arrival there their Majesties assisted at the laying of the foundation-stone of a monument to the late Emperor William, and after this attended a review. Before leaving Strasburg the Emperor issued a proclamation thanking the people for the hearty reception accorded him.

The story about the Shah leaving England without giving the servants at Buckingham Palace their usual vails is (says the same energetic chronicler) certainly a fiction, for the sum to be "left" for the Royal servants by guests of the Queen is regulated by precedent, the amount depending upon the rank of the visitor. In a few cases, however, the presents have been most extravagant—notably when the Emperor Nicholas came to England in 1844, and the Emperor Napoleon in 1855.

"Truthful Tommy" hears that the Shah did what the rules of the Palace required of him, but nothing more, and he was the reverse of lavish in rewarding the various officials, so that the expectations which had been entertained of a shower of diamond snuff-boxes and richly jewelled insignia were, I am glad to say, grievously disappointed.

The Shah left Salzburg on the 22nd and proceeded to Vienna. A large number of officials assembled at the station to bid farewell to his Majesty. His Majesty reached his destination at three o'clock in the afternoon, being received at the station by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Archdukes, and other dignitaries. He met with a cordial reception.

The strike of London dock labourers assumed alarming proportions, and totally disorganised the shipping arrangements of the large companies whose vessels were waiting either to be loaded or unloaded. The docks presented a most deserted appearance, the Dock Company having at first succeeded in engaging only 350 hands in place of the strikers. Cargoes were lying all along the quay sides, but the delay in the dispatch of mails and the detention of passengers was even more serious. At the adjourned conference on the 23rd, between the representatives of the shipowners and the Dock Company, the general opinion appeared to be that the men were justified in their demands, but the Dock Company intended to fight the matter out.

A curious state of things has been brought to light in connection with the Stratford-on-Avon tragedy. It appears that the murderer, Lachmann, has been living in Victoria-road, London, with the woman who met her death at his hands, while at the same time visiting his wife at Forest Gate, being known to the former as Mr. Gamsenfels and to the latter as Lachmann. It is said that Lachmann lived happily with his wife till he became associated with the woman whom he murdered; and during his visits to his wife, so far as is known by the people in the house where Mrs. Lachmann resided, good feeling prevailed between the pair.

At Sheffield, on the 23rd inst., Robert West was committed for trial for the murder of his wife, in his showman's caravan at Handsworth Woodhouse Feast, a week ago. He stated in court that he was glad he had done it, and only wanted to die. Evidence was given of a statement by him that he intended first to have done "Leicester Jack," of whom he was jealous, but the man kept out of his way.

Mr. G. E. Simms (a young journalist, who must not be mistaken for Mr. G. R. Sims, the eminent dramatist) pleaded guilty at the Mansion House on Friday last to having used threats towards Mr. Linley Sambourne, one of the artists engaged on *Punch*. Feeling aggrieved on the appearance of a "cut" in that paper relating to his application for a summons against the Duke of Cambridge, he had written threatening to thrash Mr. Sambourne. Sir Andrew Lusk bound him over in his own recognisances in £100 to keep the peace for six months, and directed him to pay the costs of the summons.

Mr. Gladstone attended the annual Flower Show at Hawarden last week, and delivered an interesting speech on garden and allotment culture. He spoke in favour of the cultivation of fruit, so that the important industry of jam-making might be sustained. We now manufactured jam for the world, one reason for this being that in this country sugar was cheaper than in any part of the world. Whenever they heard of Sugar Duty Conventions and such matters, he advised them to look very sharply indeed at proposals which would tend to increase the price of sugar. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gave a Golden Wedding "at home" at Hawarden.

You may pay your small debts quickly enough in future. The last issue of the *London Gazette* contained the regulations as to telegraph money orders which are to come into operation on Sept. 1 next, and remain in force for a year. These telegraph money orders may, however, be issued and paid only at the offices named in a schedule—which includes the General Post-Office, with head, district, and branch offices in London, and offices in some of the large provincial towns, and in Scotland and Ireland. No telegraph money order is to be issued for a greater amount than £10.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Classic Tales.

Mr. William Paterson, of Edinburgh, has sent me five volumes of his "Nuggets for Travellers" series. They form a valuable collection of "Classic Tales" from the great writers. Goldsmith, Voltaire, Johnson, and others were often, we know, the happy narrators of short stories which, when embodied in their larger works, seem somehow to disturb their continuity. Who that has read "The Vicar of Wakefield" has not felt that the story of the "Strolling Player" was a little in the way? Yet the "Strolling Player" is a capital tale when read by itself, as it can be in this pretty volume. There are other stories of Goldsmith which are not so well known, taken principally from "The Citizen of the World." Leigh Hunt says of "The Citizen of the World" that "it affords the best specimen of Goldsmith's genius, both as an obser er and a man of wit." "'The Citizen of the World,'" he continues, "is undoubtedly the best work of Goldsmith: its style is enchanting. . . . If it were stripped of its humour it would still be valuable for its instruction, and it is curious to consider how few are the works decidedly humorous that deserve this praise."

Goldsmith's Works.

The best edition of Goldsmith's works in complete form is that published by Messrs. Bell and Sons, and forming five volumes of the Bohn Library (3s. 6d. each). If, however, you do not want to be so extravagant, you can get well-nigh all that is contained in these five volumes in one three-and-sixpenny volume of Macmillan's Globe Library. Even then, a small volume like the "Classic Tales," which I have referred to above, is very welcome, as is also the pretty little edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" in the Camelot Series and Routledge's Pocket Library. After all is said, "The Vicar of Wakefield" is the one work of Goldsmith's which we can read again and again. There is something in it to charm and soothe us at any and every period of our lives. One should take the "Vicar" away on one's holiday excursion every three or four years, just as Baron Bunsen used to read through Shakspere's plays at similar intervals.

Goldsmith's Life.

The standard biography of Goldsmith is that by John Forster, who also wrote—not altogether satisfactorily, as some of us think—the "Life of Dickens." Forster took up an attitude of commiseration for Goldsmith: "Poor Goldy, poor Goldy," he is always calling him. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. William Black, on the other hand, have shown that he made sufficient money by his books to have made him comfortable for ever and ever had he not been so recklessly improvident. Mr. Austin Dobson's little sketch in the "Great Writers Series" is a wonderful shilling'sworth.

GOLDSMITH, THE POET.

Goldsmith's Character.

Goldsmith's character is an enigma. Few men are really half so remarkable as their books, and we remember how, when Heine entered the presence of the most stately of all modern men, Goethe, he could only talk about the size of the plums in the adjoining garden. But Goldsmith was least of all a man to impress. His queer garments, his strange speech—we never hear, by the way, that he had an Irish brogue—his uncouth manners, his general atmosphere of foolishness, is something which brings home to us, more than in the case of any other author, the entire unconsciousness of genius.

At the Grave of Goldsmith.

I wonder how many of my readers as they pass hastily along the Strand are inclined to turn aside and stand at the grave of Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple? Most people, I fancy, think that the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" was buried in Westminster Abbey. They recall the fact that Johnson and Goldsmith in the Abbey had referred to the possibility of their both ultimately reposing there, and they also remember that Johnson wrote a famous Latin epitaph for Goldsmith's monument in the Abbey, which epitaph contains reference to his touching nothing which he did not adorn, and which epitaph Burke, Garrick, and the rest wanted written in English. It is for this reason, no doubt, that Sir George Trevelyan in his "Life of Macaulay," and Mr. Leslie Stephen in his biography of Johnson (first edition), refer to Macaulay and Johnson lying side by side with Goldsmith in the Poets' Corner. Nevertheless, if you want to see the tomb of Goldsmith, you must go to the graveyard attached to the Temple Church. TATLER.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

New Hythe Classes.

All who wish to see the shooting of the Volunteers improved will hail with delight the news that the Hythe classes for Volunteer officers, suspended many years ago, are to be revived, and that in the last month of the present year. Since the attendance of the Volunteer officers was stopped, there has been no system whatever for their proper training in order that they might in turn train their men, and to this undoubtedly may be traced in a large degree the falling-off in subsequent years from the high standard of excellence in musketry which at one time the Volunteers generally bade fair to attain. But, if the War Office really desires to see Volunteer musketry improve, it must do something more than reopen the Hythe classes. In the old time, when instructors were still trained at the School of Musketry, ranges were more easy to obtain, so great a length of fire not being necessary, as arms were not then fired at the long distances of to-day. Now ranges are wanted as well as instructors, and the one will not effect much good without the other. At the same time it will not be of much use for the War Office to provide accommodation at Hythe for 212 Volunteers unless it is intended to

Let in the Sergeants

as well as the officers. Two hundred and twelve officers are more than are likely to offer at any time for a month's instruction; and there is no reason in the world why, in a Volunteer corps any more than in the Regulars, all the trained musketry instructors should be officers. But the Volunteers must urge this phase of the case later; for the present, it is a great thing that officers are to be readmitted. And with the promise of trained Volunteer instructors comes the news that

New Rifles

are to be issued to several corps in the Metropolis, though it is not yet quite apparent what corps these are to be. I have been told by several Volunteers within the last few days, that their corps are to be armed at once with the new magazine rifle; but that is going a little too far—the Regulars have not got it yet. The gun to be issued is a better Martini-Henry, with improved sights, a longer and more powerful lever for opening the breech and throwing out the cartridge-case, and generally better suited for carrying the sword-bayonet. But the sword-bayonet does not form part of the equipment of all Volunteer infantry corps, only of those clothed in green and attached to Regular rifle regiments, and it is most probable the sequel will prove that it is only these corps which are to have new rifles. The issue, however, it is understood, will not be made generally for a month or two, and, indeed, only when all the arms of the Home District Volunteers are called in for the periodical examination in October. Several commanding officers have already cal'ed in the old rifles, but these gentlemen are going just a little too fast. They had much better wait till their class-firing is finished.

That class-firing is now really the only great Volunteer interest in progress, Shoeburyness and Chatham being all over, and the West Hartlepool men gone home with the Queen's Prize for the highest artillery aggregate on record, and the Engineers finishing up to-day a remarkably active fortnight. After this comes the time for

Outposts and Minor Tactics,

and, though these are not in the scheme of efficiency by which the capitation grant is earned, it is satisfactory to see that year by year more Volunteer corps are taking up this sort of work in the autumn and early winter. The London Rifle Brigade mean to have a good turn of outposts on the 21st and 22nd proximo, and propose to go all the way to the Fox Hills to get it. Under the circumstances, the War Office has consented that the Brigade shall for two nights be put up in the Aldershot North Camp with the 3rd Infantry Brigade; and it is to be wished that other corps would follow the example, for it is not to be doubted that house room would be given. The 3rd Middlesex have put down their "outpost" for October, and probably will again have some other corps for opponents. But at present "outposting" has not become so general as it should be, and some of the corps which have indulged this may have not taken care to get the necessary preliminary instruction. It is not easy to forget the fearful exhibition two well-known London corps gave on Wimbledon Common one dark night two years ago. Officers and men behaved—well, like idiots.

The Preparation of Bisley

(amply pictured last Spring in *The Penny Illustrated Paper*) is going on amain, and during the past week there have been once more sixteen hundred men at work to level the ground before the winter comes on. It is whispered that the troops thus employed are not particularly enjoying the job, being dissatisfied with the extra-working pay meted out. This is certainly not excessive at sixpence a day, and it is a question who is to be blamed—whether the War Office or the N.R.A., for it is not clear who is paying the money. If the War Office, there may be some little trouble about it in Parliament perhaps. It is all very well to say it is spade work, and spade work now forms part of military training; but it is work for the National Rifle Association, and if John Bull is, after all, to pay part of the cost of preparing the New Wimbledon he ought to have some voice in saying where that New Wimbledon shall be. At present he has had none. One is inclined to ask how much cheap military labour would have been provided had the N.R.A. gone to Cannock Chase or to Churn Downs.

Rifle Shooting

has gone very quiet in the last few days, but the South London Club, like the North London, has been to Hythe to be beaten by the Instructional Staff of the School of Musketry. The weather, when this important match was fired last Saturday, was abominable, a strong blustering wind blowing in from the sea all day, with a violent thunderstorm as an interlude. At 200 yards the two teams of ten came out level, 300 each; at 500 the Hythe men had shot five points ahead, and anything might have happened; but at 600 they got twenty-five points still further on, and came out victors with 867 to 837. Then the South Londoners were consoled by being shown all the machinery of the Hythe School, which has been veiled from Volunteers far too long.

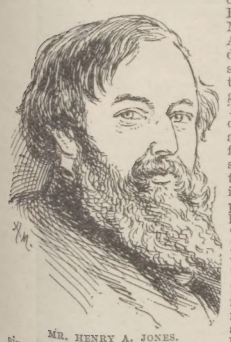
EYES FRONT.

Keating's Powder.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[Advt.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

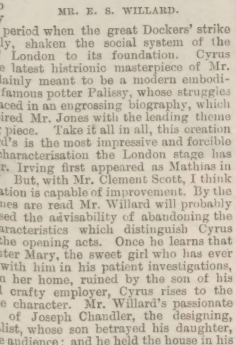
At a juncture of much social discord in London, it is timely that two rival Managements are proving afresh in a most popular way that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Opera House continue to prosper, and, it is to be hoped, to promote harmony among the people; and the similarly attractive Promenade Concerts organised by Mr. Henry J. Leslie's Syndicate at Her Majesty's are also thriving, the latest novelty being the addition of Mrs. Shaw, the accomplished American whistler. How keenly appreciated these concerts are by what may be termed the shilling public was plainly to be recognised at Covent-Garden last Monday night, when Signor Arditi's magnificent orchestra, worthy the operatic reputation of Covent-Garden, delighted the large audience with an olla podrida of Wagner's most popular pieces. The most eminent vocalists, as well as the best instrumentalists, being engaged at Covent-Garden, the Promenade Concerts are pretty sure to flourish there till the close of the season, when, it is rumoured, Mr. Lago will have an autumn turn at Italian Opera. Mr. Lago is a gentleman everyone must wish success to.

In his earnest endeavour to raise the standard of drama in England, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones deserves the support of the play-going public. The studious dramatic author who first won his spurs with the charming and sympathetic little play of "A Clerical Error" (in which Mr. Wilson Barrett, to my mind, played more naturally than he has ever done since), but who gained most by his share in writing "The Silver King" in company with Mr. H. Hermann, has in his time fitted various good actors with good parts. As the bearded clergyman in "A Clerical Error" and as the Silver King in the powerful drama of that name, Mr. Wilson Barrett was fitted to a nicety, and his clear representations stand out well in our memories. Then, what a strong bit of acting was Mr. Charles Warner's creation of the Vagabond in another of Mr. Jones's Princess's pieces! How true to life was Mr. Thomas Thorne's impersonation in "Saints and Sinners"! What Balzac-like power there was in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Millionaire! Bearing in mind the excellent character-delineation forthcoming from Mr. Jones in these plays, playgoers were warranted in expecting equally good work in Mr. Jones's new piece, "The Middleman."



MR. HENRY A. JONES.

Mr. E. S. Willard was amply justified in considering "The Middleman" a good play when he read it. Mr. Jones's new and powerful drama served to reopen the Shaftesbury with undoubted success on Tuesday. "The Middleman," not only provides Mr. Willard with the strongest and most original part this supremely talented Actor-Manager has yet sustained; but it so grapples with the abiding problem of Capital v. Labour as to be peculiarly apropos at a period when the great Dockers' strike has, unhappily, shaken the social system of the East-End of London to its foundation. Cyrus Blenkarn (the latest histrionic masterpiece of Mr. Willard) is mainly meant to be a modern embodiment of the famous potter Palissy, whose struggles are vividly traced in an engrossing biography, which probably inspired Mr. Jones with the leading theme of his stirring piece. Take it all in all, this creation of Mr. Willard's is the most impressive and forcible example of characterisation the London stage has seen since Mr. Irving first appeared as Mathias in "The Bells." But, with Mr. Clement Scott, I think the impersonation is capable of improvement. By the time these lines are read Mr. Willard will probably have recognised the advisability of abandoning the "soft" characteristics which distinguish Cyrus Blenkarn in the opening acts. Once he learns that his pet daughter Mary, the sweet girl who has ever sympathised with him in his patient investigations, has fled from her home, ruined by the son of his haughty and crafty employer, Cyrus rises to the height of the character. Mr. Willard's passionate denunciation of Joseph Chandler, the designing, broad capitalist, whose son betrayed his daughter, electrified the audience; and he held the house in his grip throughout the whole of the arduous third act, in which, persevering as Palissy persevered, he endured the pangs of poverty, yet manfully fed the furnaces till he at length discovered the ceramic secret which placed in his hand the means of ruining his oppressor. Remarkably novel and picturesque is this scene in the firing-house (for the vraisemblance of which Mr. Woodall, M.P., who was present, would probably vouch), with the firelight glowing on the toil-worn face of Cyrus Blenkarn, a scene full of Rembrandtesque light and shadow, relieved by the natural love-passages between naïve Nancy Blenkarn and Jesse Pegg, and the dramatic interview between the soul-full artisan and Mr. Chandler. It might detract from the thorough enjoyment of "The Middleman" to tell how a happy ending to Cyrus Blenkarn's trials is ingeniously brought about. I will only add at present that Mr. Willard wholly merited the unqualified storm of applause he won at the close of the play; that Mr. H. A. Jones equally deserved his hearty double call; that Mr. Mackintosh gave due distinctiveness to the part of pompous Mr. Joseph Chandler; that a more charmingly natural pair of sisters than Miss Maud Millett and Miss Annie Hughes have not been seen since the "Two Roses" took us captive; that Miss Agnes Verity was similarly fresh and charming as Maud Chandler; and that the comedy of Mr. E. W. Garden as Jesse Pegg, and of Mr. H. Cane as Batty Todd, the acute manager of Chandler's porcelain works, supplied the requisite humour to "The Middleman," upon the triumphant production of which MM. Willard, Lart, and Jones may be warmly congratulated.



MR. E. S. WILLARD.

The pleasantest place of recreation in London on a fine evening is still the lamp-lit garden of the Spanish Exhibition. The enlivening music discoursed by the capital band renders the promenade here particularly enticing.

I have enjoyed another laugh at "Our Flat," the farcical comedy by Mrs. Musgrave transferred by Mr. Willie Edouin from the deserted Opéra Comique to the Strand. This droll comedian makes one roar by his inimitable caricature of Nathaniel Glover, the bumptious theatrical manager (and some of them *can* be bumptious enough and to spare when they like); and Miss Fanny Brough tickles the ladies especially by the celerity with which she transforms an emptied room into a more or less sumptuously furnished apartment. The mirth-making play of "Our Flat" is preceded by a cleverly written new comedietta, "Boys will be Boys," by Mr. Joseph Mackay, whose skill and experience as a writer for the stage justified us to expect more work from him of late. "Boys will be Boys" is a bright and wholesome piece, dealing with the device of Sir Giles Wapshot to ascertain whether a certain dashing young swain is worthy the hand of his fair cousin; and it is zestfully acted by Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. Forbes Dawson, and Miss Enid Leslie. Be in time to relish "Boys will be Boys."

Why *will* some of our young actors and actresses continue to call England "*Engl*and" instead of "*Ingl*and"? Old Ingland sounds like some outlandish country when it is pronounced "*Engl*and." Drop affectation, and be natural, my young friends. Mr. Lewis Waller is the latest offender in this respect. He distressed my ears with this mispronunciation at the Vaudeville last Saturday night, when I dropped in to note the amendments in the play of "In Danger," which still has an unsavoury opening, however. Mr. F. Hamilton Knight's fresh comedietta, "The Postscript," had for its burden an old conventional theme—Gilbert's "Sweethearts," with a brace of young lovers tagged on; but it was earnestly enacted by Mr. Wallace Erskine as Harold Treherne, and by Miss Alice Bruce (a pretty young sister of Miss Edith Bruce) as Marjorie Fleming. The melodramatic style of Mr. Julian Cross provoked laughter; but Miss Cicely Richards was charmingly graceful and sympathetic as the widow. This accomplished actress is, indeed, an artist in every part she sustains with so much talent.

I can honestly commend to your notice Mr. Charles W. Poole's excellent new Round the World Myrioroma, which is being unrolled for a brief season at Sanger's Amphitheatre. The majority of the admirably painted scenes are so interesting that I wonder Poole's Panorama has not an abiding home in London. Mr. Poole himself figures as Showman, and a very nimble-tongued Showman he is. With untiring rapidity and lucidity does he point out the salient features of each picture illustrating a voyage round the world. Starting with vivid paintings of Temple Bar and of the Courts of Justice and the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Poole soon transports us to Liverpool, and makes the Mersey, with its departing Atlantic liners, live before us. New York City, Niagara in summer and in winter, a Japanese river scene by moonlight, Rio Janeiro, Dunedin, Melbourne, Capetown, the Taj-Mehal (a wonderful dioramic effect), the Guards' charge at Kassassin, the battles of Tamai and Abu Klea, Khartoum, and many other memorable scenes are superbly rendered. The variety entertainment is of itself worth the price of admission, being excellent of its kind. THESPIS.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Paddington Recreation Grounds,

like many other athletic inclosures, have grown quite familiar with Jupiter Pluvius this year. The rain-storm last Saturday afternoon prevented the N.C.U. from deciding the fifty-miles championship on ordinary bicycles; but it will be seen from our Artist's sketches that the mile race on Safety cycles came off. The winner was F. T. Fletcher, Ilkeston B.C., who beat W. C. Jones, of the Polytechnic Club, by about a yard. Time 3 min. 16 3-5 sec. Principal prize, a gold medal. A ten-mile scratch race was won by J. H. Adams, Lewisham and Speedwell B.C.; F. P. Wood, Brixton B.C., being second. Time 32 min. 48 1-5 sec. Mr. G. Lacy Hillier, the judge, is so widely known that our Artist's sketches of this accomplished cyclist will be welcome.

The New Cricket Laws.

Of the new laws that were made by the County Cricket Council and the M.C.C., acting in unison, between the seasons of 1888 and 1889, that which empowers a side to declare its innings at an end at any moment, on the last day of the match, has been

largely taken advantage of, and now, as in the case of so many innovations, cricketers are wondering how it is we went on so long without such a rule. When we look back it does seem ridiculous that, long after a side had compiled a score which it was utterly impossible (say, through want of time) for their opponents to equal, they should still be compelled to go on scoring away, and use their manifest superiority towards their own disadvantage instead of towards the discomfiture of their adversaries. But the "good old" conservative is prominent in the world of cricket as much as in the greater world, and reforms are not made in a day.

That this reform was a welcome one is shown by the avidity with which advantage is taken of it on every possible occasion. It has already produced quite a curiosity in the way of cricket, the M.C.C. on one occasion declaring their innings at an end with

Only Two Wickets Down,

and this, be it understood, was in the first innings. But their two batsmen made 200 or over each. Formerly one could win a match by an innings and so many runs; now, under the new rule, one can win by an innings and so many wickets, as well. Fancy winning an eleven a side match by

Eighteen Wickets!

People who play cricket principally for the fun of the batting, as unquestionably very many do, are not likely to be very highly impressed with the advantages of this new system. In the instance quoted, it is obvious that eight batsmen never went to the wickets at all, their energies being solely directed towards getting the other side out. I am

quite sure that this sort of thing will not commend itself to many country club champions whom I have in my mind's eye; but it is, nevertheless, the right thing. There is no sense in knocking about bowling of the schoolboy class for a couple of days until the batsmen get out from sheer weariness of body and mind. Such cricket is beneficial to neither one side nor the other. The most that can be said is that it is a pity such unequal sides were ever matched.

The application of this new rule has led to some ingenious

Finessing

on the part of captains. Witness the second match in the Cheltenham week, ending on Saturday last, between Middlesex and Gloucestershire. Aided by 127 from W. G. Grace, Gloucestershire made 282, and, as Middlesex made but 178, the Grace county looked easy winners. But Middlesex had made 240 for seven wickets, which gave them a lead of 136. They then declared their innings at an end, putting Gloucestershire in with only an hour and twelve minutes to play. The wisdom of this step is clear. Gloucestershire could not possibly make the runs in the time, while the possibility existed of their being got out. It was a wild chance, of course; but Middlesex were in the happy position of having everything to gain and nothing to lose, and their captain wisely took advantage of their position. We must not forget that the match was part of the great contest for what is popularly called the

County Championship,

though there is no such acknowledged position. However, seeing that each of the eight first-class counties does its utmost to defeat the other seven, the title is by no means a misnomer. Pride of place in the final list is the ruling passion with county cricket clubs, and a victory would have placed Middlesex—temporarily at least—a place ahead of Gloucestershire, though not in the first half of the list.

The fine innings by W. G. Grace was the means of raising that player's grand total of runs made in first-class matches to

One Thousand,

and it must have benefited his average very materially, and placed him well among the younger dashing bats. Under the circumstances he was very wise not to go in a second time, for nothing but hitting nearly every ball bowled to the boundary for four could have won the match for Gloucestershire; and, though the Middlesex bowling is far from being noted for its dangerous character, it would scarcely permit of this.

Playing for a Draw

under the new rule has also become very exciting, for of course the side declaring its innings at an end does not do so unless it has its adversary at a considerable disadvantage. The draws are also much more genuine than the majority used to be under the old system, when one side would make, say, 400, and the other 75 and 60 for nine wickets, time then being called and the side with one wicket to fall and 265 runs to make to save a single innings defeat would march out with all the honours of war. Let us be thankful that so ridiculous a state of things need no longer exist.

On Monday week the great sculling-race for the

Championship of the World

will take place from Putney to Mortlake, between the Australian Searle and the Canadian O'Connor. Except as an indication of public opinion I have nothing to do with betting, and, in a boat-race, the odds as the day of the contest approaches signify a great deal. The favourite in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race always wins—I mean the favourite at the start. Searle is just now favourite in the coming race at 5 to 4. These odds are, however, not made by the British public, who are as much out of the running in this particular contest as they would be were some foreign pastime such as a Spanish bull-fight or Japanese polo (an excellent game when you know it) introduced to their notice

for the first time. All we English know is, that out of compliment, we are pleased to think, to our principles of

Fair Play

in matters of sport (I do not call prize-fighting sport), the Australian and Canadian parties have agreed to make the Thames their battle-ground.

I may have to say something more about this race. Now I have only to say that I respect the odds and repeat what I said before—viz., that I fancy

Searle,

whose reputation is more taking, and whose style very decidedly follows suit.

England has of late years seen a great many

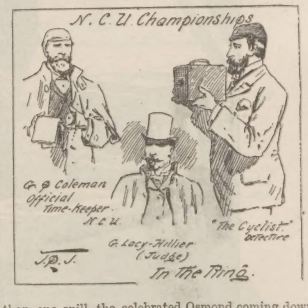
American Champions.

We are now returning the compliment a little. One of our best London lawn-tennis players, E. G. Meers, has competed in the lawn-tennis championship of the United States, and on Saturday last our best long-distance runner, Sidney Thomas, left for New York. He will compete in the United States and Canadian championships, taking place on Sept. 14 and 28 respectively. This I hope he will do as an Englishman, for I understand he does not return, but will merge his identity in that of the Great Republic.

It is well worthy of notice that races on dwarf bicycles are not productive of the ridiculous

Dawdling

or "crawling" that is the fashion when the machines are ordinaries. As intimated in the opening paragraph, some of the times in Saturday's one-mile safety bicycle championship were quite respectable, 2 min. 46 3-5 sec. being recorded, only ten seconds—about 120 yards—outside record. The term "safety" was scarcely borne out, for there was more



than one spill, the celebrated Osmond coming down at the same spot where an accident in a previous heat had occurred, suggesting something wrong with the path at this point. The final was, however, a "crawl," F. T. Fletcher winning in 3 min. 16 3-5 sec.

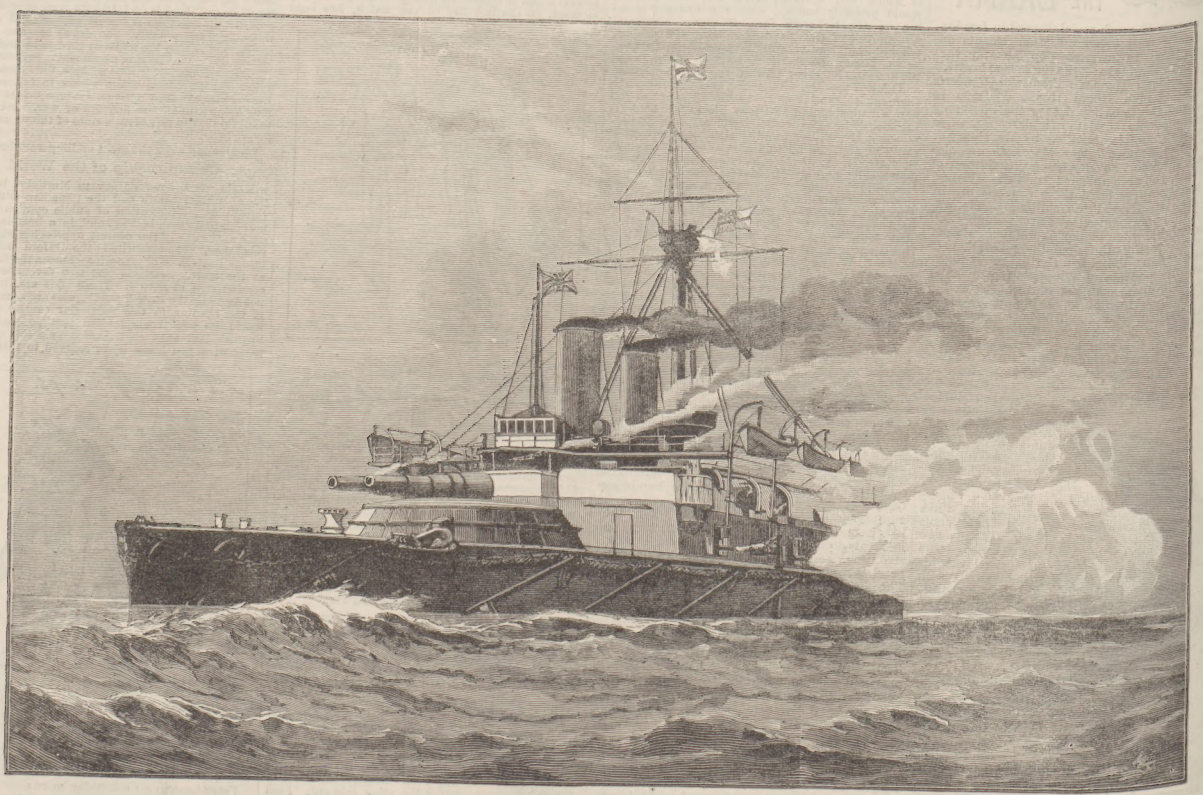
I am much obliged to the correspondent who has pointed out that Mr. W. W. Read's great score of 338 was made against Oxford University and not Sussex. BANSHEE.

THE RACING NOTES

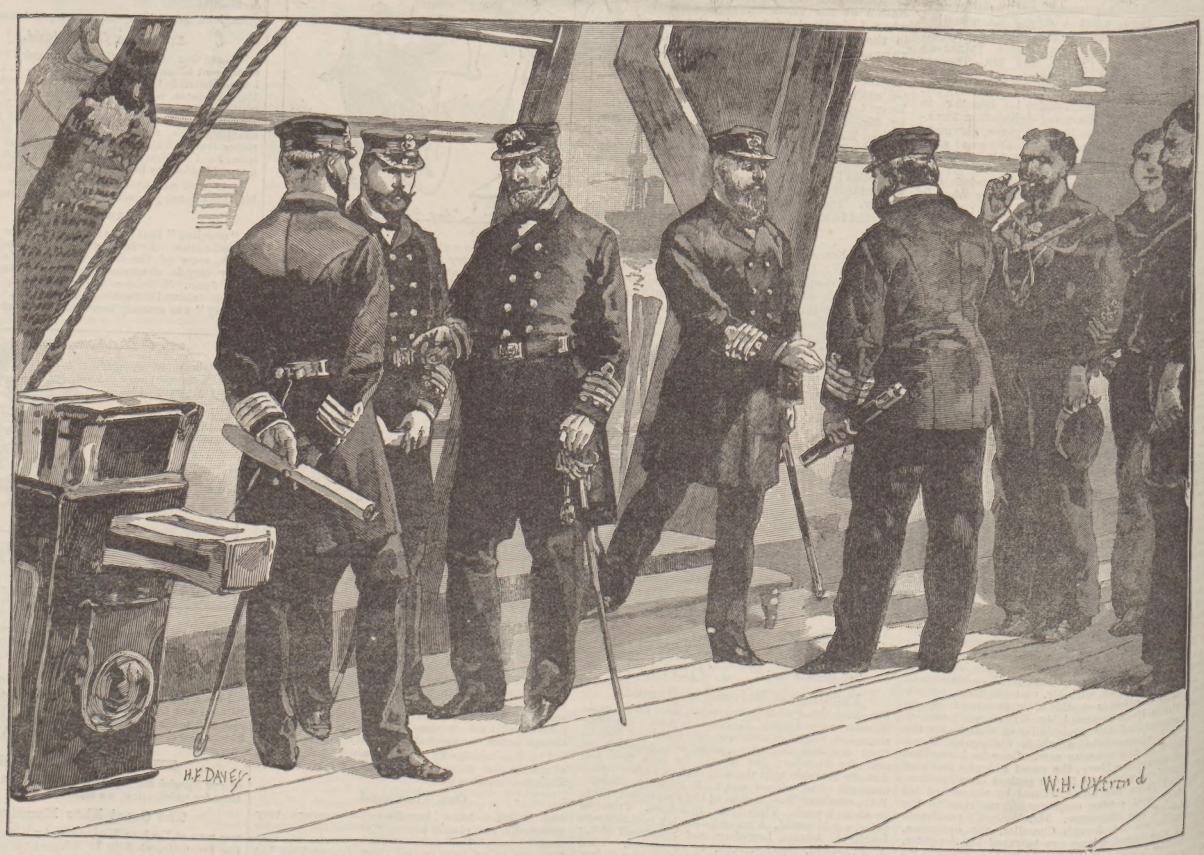
of our Special Racing Chronicler did not reach us in time for publication, we regret to say.

The Great Ebor Handicap

was won at York on Wednesday by King Monmouth, the favourite, at 3 to 1; Ringmaster being second, and Peeler third. The Prince of Wales's Plate fell to Margarine.



ENGLAND'S AUTUMN MANŒUVRES: SALUTE FROM H.M.S. ANSON, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE CAPTURE OF PETERHEAD, ABERDEEN, AND LEITH, ON SUNDAY.



ENGLAND'S AUTUMN MANŒUVRES: ADMIRAL BAIRD HOLDS A COUNCIL OF CAPTAINS ON BOARD H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND.

WITH THE QUEEN IN WALES.

Lovely Llangollen and Beautiful Bala.

THE interest in the Queen's visit to the Welsh Valley of the Dee, which is not less famous in history and romance, and not less picturesque in its way than the Scottish Dee, which her Majesty knows so well, has naturally centred in Llangollen and Bala. Lovely Llangollen and Beautiful Bala! What more delightful than five days of August, with a holiday sun, in such surroundings! No wonder that Llangollen in especial has long been, in a sense, a royal place, seeing how many kings and queens of literature and art its shades has drawn to its hospitable inns and home-like hapless Lady Bulwer Lytton, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit), Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Browning: it is a goodly list. But of all the lions the most locally popular are, of course, the far-famed

Ladies of Llangollen—

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, most original of Blue-stockings, who ran away from home in Ireland under a romantic vow of celibacy, and settled here at Plas Newydd. The charming little country house which they built is one of the first things to which the stranger is directed on arriving, and, indeed, it is a good way to begin the adventure of Llangollen by going there as soon as you have exploited the little town and chosen your inn, which need not take ten minutes, unless you are tempted to linger on the bridge by the turbulent waters of the rocky Dee, as you very well might be. Having crossed the river from the station, and gained picturesque glimpses on all sides of the charming hills that environ Llangollen, you will easily find your way to

Plas Newydd,

which lies slightly up the hill on the southern outskirts of the town. The two "Ladies" themselves were great collectors of curios, especially of old wood carvings, and the present owner, General Yorke, has kept adding all the while to the collection, so that now it is a veritable treasury of *bric-à-brac*, and even the outside of the house is found to be carved and embellished in the most fantastic way, including certain time-honoured inscriptions in honour of the original owners. After admiring the quaint interior of the house, and the curios and carvings innumerable there, you will do well to saunter round the grounds, and make the acquaintance of the tame squirrels and peacocks. From the high ground near Plas Newydd the striking ruin of

Castell Dinas Bran (or Crow Castle)

is to be seen on the hills opposite, the ascent to which by donkey or pony or afoot is worth making if only for the superb view of the vale of Llangollen, which is thus obtained. The castle itself is too far gone in decay to be of any special interest, but its history is, in adventurous ways, a remarkable one. In the thirteenth century it was the residence of Gruffydd ap Madog Maelor, son of the Madog who built Valle Crucis Abbey, and the castle at this time and later played a great part in the wars between Wales and England. On ascending to Dinas Bran the traveller is surprised to find a tiny canal running along the hillside, not far above the river, so shadowed by trees and bordered by green walks that it is difficult to place it in the same category as the canals in the Black Country, to which it at last would lead him. After leaving the castle on its hill and regaining the path by the canal, which may be followed for some distance on the way, you may well make your next excursion to

PALÉ, ON THE DEE, THE WELSH MANSION OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN.

Valle Crucis Abbey,

which is a much more interesting ruin in itself than Dinas Bran, some parts of its walls and its general design being still well preserved. The Abbey lies in a sequestered spot—Valle Crucis, the Valley of the Cross—about a mile and a half westward from Llangollen, most delightfully shadowed by trees and environed by green hillsides. It takes its name from a very old inscribed cross in a neighbouring field—Eliseg's Pillar. The Abbey was probably built in 1200, and was said to be still intact in Elizabeth's time. Recent excavations and the discovery of quantities of burnt wood have served to prove clearly at last that the Abbey was destroyed at the end of the sixteenth century by fire, as has long been the theory. In earlier centuries the lot of a Cistercian monk at Valle Crucis was clearly a very pleasant one. The well-stocked fishpond, which served the monks on Fridays (and fast days), still remains as a picturesque appendage to the ruined walls. From Valle Crucis it is an easy walk to Berwyn and Llantysilio, one of the most charming of all the charming haunts near Llangollen.

Llantysilio Church

is situated among such woods and waters as are hardly to be found out of Wales. It is in its way a perfect spot, where one might linger long on a summer's afternoon. Near by, above the so-called Horse-Shoe Falls, which form the parting of the waters where the Dee feeds the little canal before named, is Bryntisilio, Sir Theodore Martin's country house, where the Royal party took afternoon tea on Monday. If a return is made by the high road to Llangollen from here the "Jenny Jones Inn," a small cottage, is passed as one nears the town, which was quite

LLANGOLLEN, WITH BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER DEE.

afoot, for then one can make diversions at will into the many seductive by-paths that are encountered. But even from the train a very good idea can be had of the endless variety in loveliness of the scenery, which, however, it must be confessed, becomes somewhat tamer on the near approach to Bala. At Llandderfel, though, the surroundings of

sometimes assembled. It is, no doubt, to some such occasion that the profane Welsh legend of the three Calvinist ministers and the heretical sheep farmer, who had to share one bed, refers. But at Bala, as at Llangollen, one does not stay long within the immediate limits of its quiet street, in spite of the proverbial pretty girls for which Bala is famed, for the lake near by and the

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT LLANDDERFEL, NORTH WALES.

overshadowed by the festive Venetian masts and streamers during the Royal visit. The tiny inn, with its quaint signboard, will recall the ballad by Charles James Matthews, whose refrain runs:

For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Jones in truth I do love.

A striking feature in the surroundings of Llangollen are the Eglwyseg Rocks, a bold escarpment of limestone, curiously picturesque, which curves from behind Dinas Bran to a spot called World's End, four miles away. The top of these rocks forms a delightful place on a fine morning for a ramble; while for those who care not for exertion, there is a good carriage road below. Of other high ground in the district, Geraint, or the Barber's Hill (the latter name accruing from a wicked barber, who seems to be somewhat mythical, said to have been gibbeted on the hill for murdering his wife), affords a fine view, and there are any number of still higher crests farther away, but not beyond the reach of a good walker. In fact, there is no end to the rural walks that one may take in the neighbourhood, and, after some little acquaintance with the whole valley, it is easy to understand how so many past masters in the picturesque, from Hazlitt to Mr. Ruskin, have borne testimony to its exceeding beauty. But the charms of Llangollen are diverting us from Bala, with all that lies between, from Corwen, another quiet little town of the Llangollen type, to Llandderfel, the station for Palé, where the Queen took up her residence. The best way to see the

Valley of the Dee

between Llangollen and Bala is, no doubt, to go

Palé (pronounced like the French Palais) are in their way very picturesque. The hills are well wooded, and the park, though not kept in that best perfection of trimness which one generally associates with a Royal demesne, is well laid out, with sloping lawns that give charming views of the valley below.

Beautiful Bala

is only some three miles away from Llandderfel, standing on low-lying ground at the head of Bala Lake. Usually, of course, when one speaks of Bala one means by that the whole circle of the lake and its surroundings. The village itself, for it is hardly to be called a town, being only half the size of Llangollen, is not usually at all like the excited and crowded community that one found during the Queen's visit; but it is, nevertheless, a pleasant place, and admirable for the student's life with which it has always been associated. It was here, indeed, that Lord Tennyson lived when he wrote some of the finest parts of the "Idylls of the King," in which one or two reminiscent touches occur, as in the lines—

As the south-west that blowing Bala lake
Fills all the sacred Dee.

But, long before Tennyson, the early religious Nonconformist students of Wales had sought for inspiration by its great religious gatherings, when as many as 20,000 people are said to have

hills around about exert an always increasing fascination.

Bala Lake

was formerly the largest sheet of water in Wales; but the artificial lake, Vyrnwy, made in the neighbouring hills some fifteen miles away to supply Liverpool with water, is now a little larger. Bala Lake is about four miles long and

BIT OF THE CANAL, NEAR LLANGOLLEN.

three-quarters of a mile broad; and, as may be gathered from these dimensions, it looks from some points of view more like a large river. Indeed, from more than one point, in passing along its side by railway, the traveller who has journeyed from New York northward may well be reminded of the Hudson River as one sees it from the cars of the New York Central Railroad, with the hills gradually increasing on either side. On the whole, visitors are apt to be disappointed a little in Bala Lake, no doubt because they expect something grander in the way of a mountainous environment. But Bala is, nevertheless, fairly to be called "Beautiful" in a quieter way, and the Queen must have been greatly charmed by her visit to its shores, when she was entertained there at

Sir Watkin W. Wynn's Delightful Fishing Villa,

Glanyllyn. In recounting the various landmarks in the circuit of Bala Lake, one should not omit a word on its three churches—Llanycil, Llannwchyllyn, and Llangower (llan being the Welsh word for church). These, with two other churches, Llanfor and Llandderfel, in adjoining parishes, making up the five, gave Bala Lake its old name of Llyn Pump Plwy—"the lake of the five parishes." A last word might be added, too, about the large pike which abound in the lake, to the great destruction of the trout that come down from the mountain streams; and there is another fish, called gwyniad, from the whiteness of its scales, which is found in no other water in Wales.

AP MYRDDIN.

RAILWAY SERVANTS. — Signalmen. Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

XIII.—EMPLOYER AND WORKMAN.

In order to constitute the relation of employer and workman there must be an expressed or implied engagement, binding one party to employ and remunerate, and the other to serve for some fixed period. The contract need not be in writing, unless the employment be for more than a year in duration, and if in writing it need not be stamped, if it be for the employment of a labourer, artificer, manufacturer, or menial servant. If a person has rendered services with the knowledge of the employer, without anything being said as to wages, the law assumes there was a contract for

Customary and Reasonable Wages.

The custom of trade, of course, often regulates the mode by which the hire may be determined. In many trades a few hours' notice alone is sufficient. If there has been no continual service for a lengthened period, and there is nothing in the nature of the employment or custom leading to the conclusion that the employment was for a year (as is sometimes the custom, at least in domestic service), the payment of weekly or monthly wages, if it be the only circumstance from which the duration of the contract is to be decided, would prove that the hiring was a weekly or monthly one. If an artisan professing to be skilled in some particular trade is found to be utterly incompetent, of course he may be

At Once Dismissed;

so if he is guilty of gross moral misconduct or fraud, but mere trifling disobedience of orders is not sufficient to constitute ground for dismissal.

Under the Employers and Workmen Act, 1875, two Justices or a Magistrate may determine disputes between employers and workmen and award damages, or order payment of wages. The complainant need not be twenty-one years of age. Where the amount claimed exceeds £10 the Magistrates have no jurisdiction. Under this Act the proceedings are commenced by summons, and the order for payment is enforced by distress on the goods of the person ordered to pay. A handicraftsman or workman engaged in manual labour—including farm labourers, miners, and seamen—can take the benefit of this Act. It does not, however, extend to domestic servants or such persons as omnibus conductors, because they are not workmen engaged in manual labour. If any order for money made under this Act is not complied with, the Justices or Magistrate may commit the defaulter to prison for any term not exceeding six weeks if it can be proved to the satisfaction of the Court that the person making default either has, or has had, since the date of the order or judgment, the means to pay the same, and has refused or neglected to do so. There must therefore be proof of means given on a judgment summons. The summonses under this Act must be issued in the district in which the defendant carries on business or was employed when the cause of action arose, or wherever he happens to be residing at the time when the proceedings are commenced. A summons costs 1s., and an order 2s. If the amount is above £10 and under £50, of course the proper place to settle questions as to wages and damages for breach of contract between employer and workman is the County Court up to £50, and, beyond that, the superior Courts.

The Employers' Liability Act, 1880,

regulates the liability of employers to make

Compensation for Personal Injury

suffered by workmen in their service. The Act extends to all workmen within the meaning of the Employers and Workmen Act, 1875, as above mentioned, and also railway servants. A workman may recover damages for personal injury if there is any defect in the works, machinery, or plant, or any negligence by any person in the service of the employer who is in superintendence, or who is entitled to give orders to which the workman is bound to conform, and also for any injury to the workman done in obedience to the rules and bye-laws of the employer, or instructions given by any person delegated with the authority of the employer, and also for injury by reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer who has control of any signal-points, locomotive-engine, or railway trains. The action may be brought by the person injured, or his personal representatives—that is, his executors or administrator. He must be able to show that the defect in the works, machinery, or plant arose from, or had not been discovered owing to, the negligence of the employer or some person in his service entrusted with the duty of seeing that the works were in proper condition. Where injury results from not complying with rules or bye-laws, it must be shown that the rules are improper or defective. If the workman knew of the defect or negligence which caused his injury, he

Cannot Recover Compensation

if he failed within a reasonable time to give information to the employer, or some superior person to himself, in the service of the employer, unless the workman was aware that the employer or such superior person already knew of the defect or negligence. The compensation cannot exceed three years' estimated earnings. Notice of injury must be given within six weeks, and the action commenced within six months from the occurrence of the accident, or in case of death, twelve months. But the want of notice shall not be a bar to the action, if the Judge shall be of opinion that there was reasonable excuse for the want of notice. From the compensation there may be deducted any penalty, if any, paid to the workman in pursuance of any statute. Either plaintiff or defendant may remove the action from the County Court, where it must be commenced, to the Superior Court. The notice may be served by registered letter, giving the name and address of the person injured, the cause of the injury, and the date on which it was sustained, and must be served on the employer by leaving it at his residence or place of business. In the next article we shall state the law as to domestic servants

ANSWERS.

A. E. DAVIS.—Yes. The title of "Princess of Wales" is gained by a legal marriage with the Prince of Wales.

J. L.—Yes. The mortgagor before selling your farm property mortgaged to him might elect to sue you upon the usual covenant (which is, presumably, in the mortgage deed) for the mortgage debt and interest, and having obtained a judgment could of course enforce it against any other property that belonged to you, or could make you a bankrupt.

A SUBSCRIBING PARSON is advised to agree with his adversary quickly; for, from the statement of facts, it appears doubtful whether a "Subscribing Parson" has not become a yearly tenant, from whom the landlord could require six months' notice, ending June 24, 1890. There should have been some clear understanding as to the further term of three months before it was entered upon.

LEX.

A Blackpool Mermaid.—An extraordinary diving feat was accomplished on Aug. 20 at Blackpool North Pier, before a large number of spectators. The weather was boisterous, but Miss Annie Johnson essayed the task of staying under the water longer than 2 min. 51½ sec., which ranked as the record achievement. She stayed 3 min. 10 sec., which is 18½ seconds longer than the time made by Lurline some years ago. Miss Johnson is nineteen years of age, and is one of the most accomplished lady swimmers in the world.

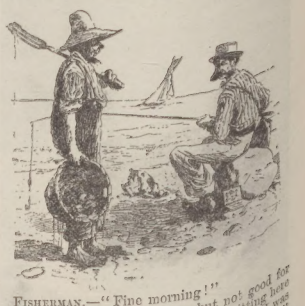
John Sanger, the well-known Circus Proprietor, died at Ipswich on Aug. 22. It will be learnt with regret by thousands who have been entertained by his travelling circus. He was eldest of three brothers, and was seventy years old. He caught a violent cold at Ipswich, and became seriously ill. Doctor Pollock, of London, was sent for, but his efforts were without avail. The cause of death was pleuro-pneumonia.

Ladies in the Cricket-Field.—Some of Hampshire's loveliest and most lissom lasses, blushing at the defeat which their brethren have sustained in the cricketing field this season, have themselves taken to the willow, and have wielded it to good purpose. Eleven brave maidens from the New Forest on Aug. 23 met in the field eleven maidens from Oxfordshire, and gave them a decided drubbing. The interesting conflict took place in the grounds of Walhampton Park, the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Haseltine. Miss Dorothy Haseltine deftly commanded the charming Hampshire Amazons; while the team from Oxfordshire, as good-looking an eleven as ever smiled on a lawn, was under the captaincy of Miss Ramsay.

TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

CHARLOTTENBURG RACES, BERLIN.

See our Special Correspondent's letter from Berlin.



FISHERMAN.—"Fine morning!"

MR. CODDINGTON.—"Yes; but not good for oyster-fishing, evidently. I've been sitting here an hour, and haven't had a bite, though I was told it was the best place on the shore for them."

HIS FIRST QUEST FOR BIVALVES.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I PROMISED last week to mention some of the employments open to women. I now add employments which can be taken up by women who still continue living

At Home.

But I must begin by the, I fear, somewhat disheartening announcement that girls stand a very poor chance indeed of obtaining remunerative employment of *any* kind who have had no definite training in their youth; who have been allowed to grow up what is so aptly called "handless," and, in addition to handlessness, they have been too often allowed to grow up comparatively

Mindless

as well. They *may* have, as Charles Kingsley once said, "every gift except the gift of the power to use them"—a rather elegant mode, by the way, of expressing "Jack of all trades, and master of none!" There are in the world hundreds of women who are willing to do anything but unable to do anything well. The secretary for "Promoting the Employment of Women," at 22, Berners-street, says it is scarcely credible the number of girls and women—many of them of gentle birth—who come to her

Looking for Work.

"What can you do?" is her first question. "Oh! anything," is the invariable reply. But when she tests them she finds they can do nothing; and, having been brought up for the most part without technical or mental training, learning is a serious trouble to them. Now

Church Embroidery

is decidedly remunerative, on account of the constant demand; but it requires experience, in addition to natural aptitude. A really good embroideress can earn from fifteen to thirty shillings a week, and if she has a talent for designing her chances of earning money are considerably increased. Those who would like to try their skill in this direction would do well to buy at 170, Strand, W.C., Upcott Gill's shilling "Manual for Workers in Church Embroidery." Like all the manuals brought out by that most

Enterprising Firm,

it is admirably illustrated, and calculated to be of the greatest possible service. Another new employment, open, I am sorry to say, for a limited number only, of intelligent girls, has come into existence in connection with our daily increasing newspaper literature. There are agencies for collecting extracts from English and foreign papers. Literary men and women, artists, actors, politicians, &c., pay

A Certain Sum

yearly in order that one of these agencies may forward regularly notices of books, pictures, or speeches, and the cuttings are made by women. A month's training is generally enough to accustom the readers to gather the gist of the articles quickly, and to sort them under the proper heads. The salaries paid are not very high at first, and the hours are rather long—viz., from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. A knowledge of

French and German

will be found decidedly advantageous for this work. Among new employments

Type-Writing

is admirably suited to women. The offices opened in London during the past three years are now in full work. Mrs. Marshall's type-writing office in the Strand (opposite the pit entrance to the Lyceum Theatre), and Miss Ethel Dickens's at *All the Year Round* office, Wellington - street, Strand, are in great request. The necessary training requires at least six months, and a knowledge of shorthand and foreign languages will be found useful. The cost of learning both shorthand and type-writing is about £7, but it is

Money

very well spent. Lectures, sermons, legal, and medical papers, entire plays, and actors' parts, are now almost invariably copied in type-writing; and the openings for the employment of

Skilled Typists

are very good in London and the provincial cities, a great many women being engaged in offices by public men. But it must be remembered that success in this, as *in all other occupations*, can only be achieved by careful training and experience in the various kinds of copying, and no one should attempt to open a

Type-Writing Office

on her own account without having had at least six months' proper and systematic training where good work, and steady, is going on. Next week I hope to touch upon some of the more purely

Mental Occupations

open to women. To those girls who are, happily, not obliged either to work for their living or to add to a small income, I should like to say, Do not be idle because there is nothing that you *must* do. If you have not much taste for reading the best books, you can cultivate what you have, and you will be surprised to find

How it Will Grow.

There is no doubt that if a girl really wishes to be educated, either for the pleasure of knowing something of the "best that has been said and thought in the world," or to earn her living, neither poverty nor any other impediment will stand in her way. The following interesting

Anecdote

shows what energy and determination can do. At the American Girls' University at Vassar a very poor girl made up her mind that she would have, by hook or crook, a college education. Now what do you suppose she did? Very soon after she reached Vassar, the starting-point of her ambition, she put in her window the following announcement: "*Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each. Breakfast brought up for 10 cents. Hair brushed every night for 25 cents a week. Beds made for 10 cents a week.*" By means of these humble employments the girl earned enough to keep herself respectably and to pay her

College Fees.

As just at present there is very little indeed to say about dress (the autumn fashions are barely in, and, so many families being out of town, the drapers' shops are almost empty), I think of having a word or two on one of my favourite subjects—viz.,

Housekeeping.

One of the first qualifications of a good housekeeper or a good cook is to know good things from bad. You can scarcely blame Mr. Sheepshanks, the butcher, if, when the mistress of a house comes into his shop, and she does not know good meat from bad, he gives her—well, not the best, although it is just possible that she may pay the price of the best. The lean of good beef is always of a

Bright Rich Red,

never dull, or verging towards brown. The fat should be close, firm, and white. Mutton, when good, is of a much darker red than beef, and the fat should also be white and firm. When either fat or lean is flabby, the meat is not prime. Pork should be a fresh pinkish white, the skin should not be thick, nor the grain of the meat coarse, and the fat should be firm. Mutton, to be really prime, should be

Four Years Old,

but we rarely if ever get it so matured. The farmers cannot afford to keep sheep for the market for so long, so we have to put up with *elderly lamb*! If you ask your butcher for four-year-old mutton he will probably laugh; or, perhaps, he may sell you a joint cut from the defunct mother of sundry lambs, and very

Tough and Bad

you will find her. Remember that the eyes of

Perfectly Fresh Fish

are very bright and starting out of their heads, and the gills are red. When stale the eye becomes dull, sinks into the head, and the gills grow pale. Never buy a cut of salmon, no matter how cheap it is, if the fish is *long*, *slender*, and *dull*, instead of *silvery*. The head, too, should not be too long, nor the

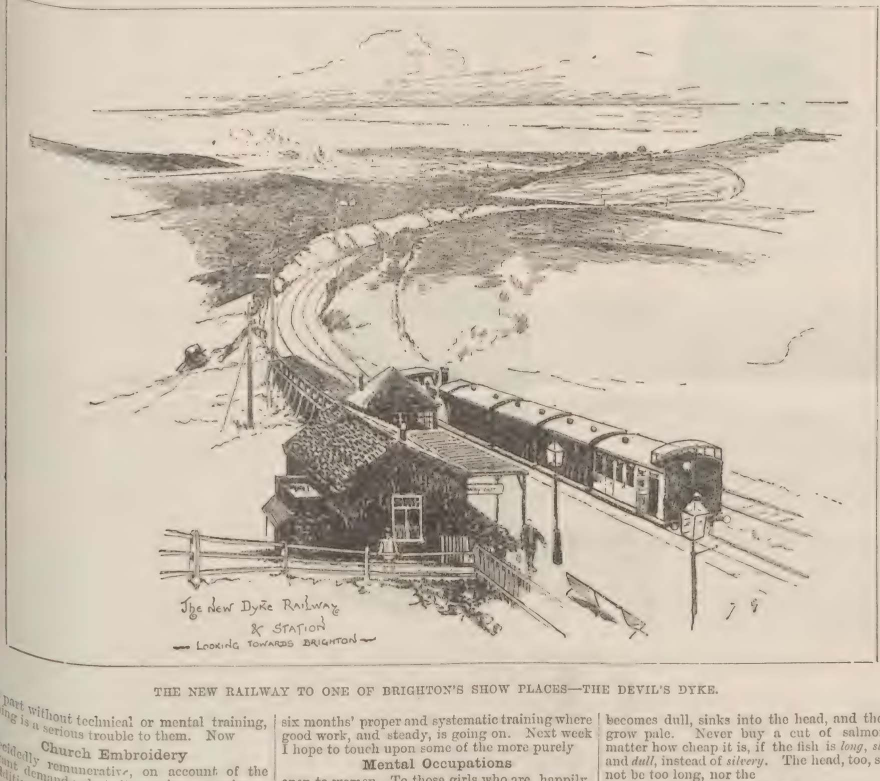
Under Jaw

protrude too much beyond the upper (in the *male* fish it always protrudes a little). The signs above mentioned show that the fish is what fishermen call "spent." It has never been to the sea to fatten, and it is not good to eat. If you ever buy a

Hare

when they are cheap and good in winter you can always tell whether it is young by trying whether the ear will tear. If it tears easily the hare is young and tender. I wish our poulterers could be persuaded to *paunch* the hares and rabbits before they hang them up for sale. As these creatures feed on green food the flavour of their flesh is quite spoiled by the *paunch* not being taken out as soon as possible.

MARGUERITE.



THE NEW RAILWAY TO ONE OF BRIGHTON'S SHOW PLACES—THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

The Swimming Championships of America have been decided, the 100 yards going to W. Johnson—time, 1 min. 16 1-5 sec.; and the one mile to A. Meffert—time, 27 min. 40 sec.

It May Seem Incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that by simply wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts thousands of men and women have been completely cured of the most obstinate cases of nervous weakness, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, torpid liver, indigestion, constipation, sleeplessness, hysteria, internal weakness, &c. Those who are in search of health and strength should not hesitate a moment, but either call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute and personally examine the multitude of original testimonials and see the Belts scientifically tested, or write at once for pamphlet, which may be had free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, President, The Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts and other appliances are guaranteed genuine. Consultation and advice free.—[Advt.]

"A New Poison."—Sherbet coloured pink with red aniline dye is a new and dangerous poison. Caution.—Eno's Fruit Salt (a simple and natural saline) is always useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Eno's Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.—[Advt.]

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Best "Family" Medicine.
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Certain Cure for Indigestion
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"Royal Residence, Grand Palace.

"Sir,—There are many natives who ask for supplement of your 'Kaye's Worsdell's Vegetable Pills' which you have ever sent me. Please send by steamer three or four boxes, each one to contain a couple of dozen small oval boxes, as soon as possible.

(Signed personally by) "H.M. the King."

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Reward for Bravery at Sea.—At Cardiff on Aug. 23 the Mayor presented Charles Bristowe, late steward of the steam-ship Rose, of Cardiff, with the bronze medal of the Board of Trade and £2 for bravery at sea. The Rose was sinking on Feb. 16 and the crew, except two, had been taken on board the Bellcairn, of West Hartlepool, when the others refused to hazard another trip to save the remainder. Bristowe volunteered, and saved the life of the first mate.

Yes, the Ruptured will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[Advt.]

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BRIGHTON.—[Concluding Letter.]

BY A BRIGHTON RESIDENT.

Besides its atmosphere, its Front, its big bit of sea, and its

Pretty Girls

(most of whom are exquisitely graceful dancers), Brighton is famous for its churches, its lovely Park, its "scenes" in the Council Chamber, its religious squabbles, its Army of the Lord, its "King Solomon," and its blackguards. But nearly all the Brighton blackguards are imported articles of luxury: only one here and another

ALDERMAN WILLIAM SENDALL, THE DEVOTED MAYOR OF BRIGHTON. *From a Photograph by Mr. A. Murano.*

MRS. WILLIAM SENDALL, BRIGHTON'S CHARMING MAYORESS. *From a Photograph by Mr. Spink, jun.*

there are indigenous to the soil. Yet there is probably twice as much philanthropic effort going on in Brighton than there is relatively in any other provincial town. The place is packed full of

Benevolent Agencies

which do an immense amount of good among the poor—and occasionally, it may be, a little unintentional harm. Then, surely, there never was such a town for

Churches and Chapels!

Leaving home, in almost any part of the Parliamentary borough, on a Sunday, while rain is coming down in torrents, one can hardly get noticeably wet before reaching the friendly shelter of some place of worship. Brighton has always, in fact, been a favourite with clerical gentlemen. I have seen an old official list of the "seventeen principal residents" in the first year of the present century, and seven of these were clergymen. In these days parsons in Brighton are to be counted not by sevens but by seventies; and there can be no doubt at all (as a correspondent courteously reminds me) that the vigour with which what is known as the Oxford movement has been carried on has considerably shaped the interests of the town by its great attraction for a large class of regular visitors. This movement has been more pronounced in Brighton than anywhere else—perhaps even than at Oxford itself—thanks, in great measure, to

Mr. Arthur Wagner's

very practical loyalty to the Church during forty years. The debt which Brighton owes to Mr. Arthur Wagner and his family has never been adequately acknowledged, and probably never will. St. Paul's Church, in West-street, is still commonly spoken of as "Arthur Wagner's Church"; its erection was due to his liberality, and its opening in 1848 was, without doubt, one of the epoch-making events in the history of the Church of England in this century. But it was not the only church which the Wagner family have built in Brighton: there are three or four others which will always be associated with the name of Wagner. The notorious Army of the Lord is, by-the-way, practically at an end: the other day I had a chat with one of its leaders, and he was very disconsolate.

"King Solomon"

was then at the "Sanctuary" in Edward-street—the theatre of many a rowdy scene and head- and window-smashing riot. Brighton has got rather blasé as regards sensations; and it takes a big wonder to last nine days now. Brighton returns two members to Parliament, both of whom—Sir William Marriott and Sir Tindal Robertson—have been knighted since their last election. Sir Tindal Robertson is unfortunately at present very ill; but Sir William Marriott (whose popularity is unbounded among his constituents) is enjoying himself in Homburg. One sometimes hears of "West Brighton," by which

Hove is Meant.

The quickest way to Hove from the station is past the handsome and useful clock-tower which

Mr. James Willing

erected entirely at his own cost in the Jubilee year, and which will perpetuate his name for very many years to come as one of the benefactors of Brighton. Then you go along the Western-road, which is the Oxford-street of London-by-the-Sea, and so get to that stately structure,

A FAMILIAR MUSICIAN AND HIS MAN FRIDAY AT BRIGHTON.

MR. J. W. HOWLETT, PUBLIC-SPIRITED CHAIRMAN OF THE HOVE COMMISSION. *From a Photograph by Mr. A. Murano.*

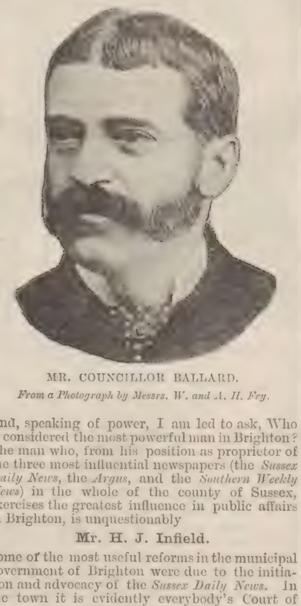
built in 1882 at the cost of £35,000, the Hove Townhall, which possesses the heaviest peal of bells (with a carillon) in the south of England.

The People of Hove

are strongly—in fact, almost aggressively—patriotic, and resent anyone speaking of this fashionable and exceedingly pleasant part of the Parliamentary borough as "West Brighton." Hove and Brighton, although closely joined to each other, are to all intents and purposes two towns, and, in spite of the zeal of the "amalgamationists," are likely to remain so as long as

Mr. J. W. Howlett

holds sway as Chairman of the Hove Commissioners, the local governing body of the town. Of Mr. Howlett's fitness and ability for the position he has so long occupied no honest-minded person can for a moment doubt; but it cannot be said (and possibly Mr. Howlett himself would be the last to say it) that he has lately gone out of his way to prove to the neighbouring local legislators that he is lost in awe and admiration of them. He has been called the "Emperor of Hove," and, without doubt, his power "down west" is almost supreme.



MR. COUNCILLOR BALLARD. *From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and A. H. Fry.*

And, speaking of power, I am led to ask, Who is considered the most powerful man in Brighton? The man who, from his position as proprietor of the three most influential newspapers (the *Sussex Daily News*, the *Argus*, and the *Southern Weekly News*) in the whole of the county of Sussex, exercises the greatest influence in public affairs in Brighton, is unquestionably

Mr. H. J. Infield.

Some of the most useful reforms in the municipal government of Brighton were due to the initiation and advocacy of the *Sussex Daily News*. In the town it is evidently everybody's Court of Appeal—a position which it owes in great part to the able and judicious manner in which it is edited, and to the absolute impartiality of its reports; while in the county it holds the premier position as the only daily paper in Sussex and the acknowledged leader of the Press of the South of England. It is said that the *Sussex Daily News* is a splendid financial success. So, too, the *Southern Weekly News* is believed to be; and the working-classes of Brighton swear by the *Argus*. The other papers published in Brighton are the *Herald* (weekly, carefully edited, and eighty years old), the *Guardian* (weekly), the *Gazette* (bi-weekly), the *Examiner* (bi-weekly, a halfpenny paper), the *Evening Times*, the *Weekly Times*, *Brighton Society*, and the *Visitors' Record*.

It must be admitted that the

Brighton Town Council

has done its duty to the town nobly. It has spent the rates, for the most part, wisely and well; and, let its imperfections be what they may, it has manifestly the true interests of this beautiful watering-place at heart.

In 1870 there was a bit of a row about the drainage, and the Town Council had the town drained forthwith at a cost of £100,000; and before then and since then vast sums of money have been spent in bringing the sanitary arrangements up to their present high and remarkable state of perfection.

Among the true sons of Brighton,

The Present Mayor,

Alderman William Sendall, has been one of the truest. He is undoubtedly one of the most suc[illegible]cessful, as he is one of the most popular. Mayors Brighton has ever had. He has probably [illegible] enemy in the town.

The Mayoress, Mrs. Sendall,

is, too, deservedly very popular among all classes of local society. And it is to be remembered [illegible] a Mayor of Brighton has no bed of roses [illegible] on: the work is important and heavy, and [illegible] has always that energetic and uncrushed [illegible] apparently uncrushable) gentleman,

Councillor Richard Ballard,

to reckon with. Mr. Ballard is the Lord Randolph

MR. WILLING'S JUBILEE CLOCK-TOWER, BRI[illegible]

Churchill, the Boulanger, the C[illegible] body different from everybody else [illegible] Brighton Town Council. He has [illegible] his head, and he knows it. Some day [illegible] resolve to settle down into a humdrum [illegible] legislator; and after that he will go to the [illegible] Aldermanic bench, and finally attain the height of his ambition in the Mayoral chair. At present he is the *enfant terrible* of the Brighton Town Council. It is sometimes asked in Brighton why

Mr. Edmund Yates,

who has so often used his brilliant and witty pen in proclaiming the praises of the town, has never taken an active part in its local government; and the same might be asked of another distinguished resident,

Mr. Henry Sampson,

the editor and proprietor of the *Re[illegible]*, who has become so prosperous in the land of the living [illegible] that he has taken 38, Brunswick-square [illegible] the finest squares in Brighton) as his [illegible] residence. Then, in recalling thus briefly [illegible] celebrities of the Queen of Watering-places, "everybody's" is one special and particular favourite" to mention—

Mrs. Nye Chart,

the managing director of the Theatre Royal, a charming and amiable lady. A good work indeed has Mrs. Nye Chart done for Brighton; and go where one may in the town, and in whatever class of society, one never hears her spoken of but with the utmost respect and admiration. She has for years had a difficult part to play at the theatre; and she has played it with remarkable ability, perseverance, and success, earning the thanks and hearty goodwill of many thousands of playgoers. The original

Brighton Theatre

stood in Duke-street, and seems to have been [illegible] painfully fashionable and exclusive, for [illegible] announcement with regard to it we [illegible] it opened early in July and closed [illegible] end of September, and the performances [illegible] only given on Tuesdays, Wednesdays [illegible] Saturdays. Further, the prices [illegible] were higher than they are now at the [illegible] theatre in New-road—the scene of [illegible] most brilliant and fashionable gatherings [illegible] brilliant and fashionable Brighton. In [illegible] days the two delightful and highly popular Thursday matinées were, of course, unknown matinées which week after week bring all the

Best London Companies

down to Brighton, so that the latest plays may be seen at the seaside performed by the original casts, and actually at lower prices of admission than are charged at the London houses! And for this boon the residents and visitors have to thank Mrs. Nye Chart.

I will conclude with the hope that we may have fine weather for

Brighton Regatta,

on Saturday, the Thirty-first of August; in which case Brighton Front will be seen at its liveliest.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.—[Letter VI.]

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The Kreuzberg

(Cross Mountain), in the south-east of Berlin—in reality only a sand-hill—is a favourite corner of the Berliners. They are proud of it. I never understood this pride; but why grudge it to them? Berlin is so destitute of hills that one might have compassion with its folks for their vanity on that point. That part where the Kreuzberg is situated has a few hilly spots, one opposite to it, and each of these hills has its large beer establishment. The Kreuzberg has the Tivoli; the hill opposite, one called simply the Bock—not to be confounded with the Bock at Spandau, also a beer-tavern. Of course these drinking-shops are sights to be seen. In the spring, the celebrated Bock-beer is the favourite malt liquor consumed there, and there is then quite a pilgrimage to these places to enjoy the refreshing draught. I cannot think of anything in London for making a comparison. But the interest in the Kreuzberg does not stop there: its real import is the scene it represents on days of grand reviews, like that of Aug. 13 before the Emperor Francis Joseph, in the Tempelhofer Feld. People coming from the west and north, and also from the east and centre of the city, have to ascend the Kreuzberg, at the top of which the

Immense Parade-Ground

stretches out in a southerly direction. Long rows of carriages, two abreast, and pedestrians likewise, are on review days ascending this hill to get on to the parade-ground; and the reviews there are grand sights—Royalty, officialdom in all its branches, the nobility and gentry, no less than the populace, are eager spectators of these displays of military brilliancy, and on Aug. 13 the cowboys and Indians of the Buffalo Bill Show, which is now here, witnessed the proceedings on large kremsers—chars-à-banc—and added to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Grand manœuvres are always held at

Spandau,

easily reached by rail or carriage, but for the reviews the Kreuzberg is the scene, and a magnificent one it was on Aug. 13.

The Victoria Park,

a new park destined to rival the Thiergarten, is now being made on the slopes of the Kreuzberg, and promises to become a pleasant recreation-ground for the people in the southern districts of Berlin. Not far from it to the left is

The Hasenheide

(Hares Heath), with its large plot of ground for gymnastics, and its many beer- and coffee-houses visited by thousands of the lower and middle classes. Most of these establishments have dancing on Sundays and Wednesdays. On those days these halls are much sought after by the servant girls, counterjumpers, and others. Whole families flock to these and other similar places in the vicinity of Berlin—they bring sandwiches, cake, and such other refreshments with them, also their coffee, and by paying a small fee to the landlord they are supplied with all utensils for making and drinking coffee, and with boiling water, sugar, and milk. The rutschbahn (tobogganing) is not wanting, nor is the camersole, shooting-stands, raffle-books, &c. But there are no niggers. These gatherings almost daily much resemble your fairs.

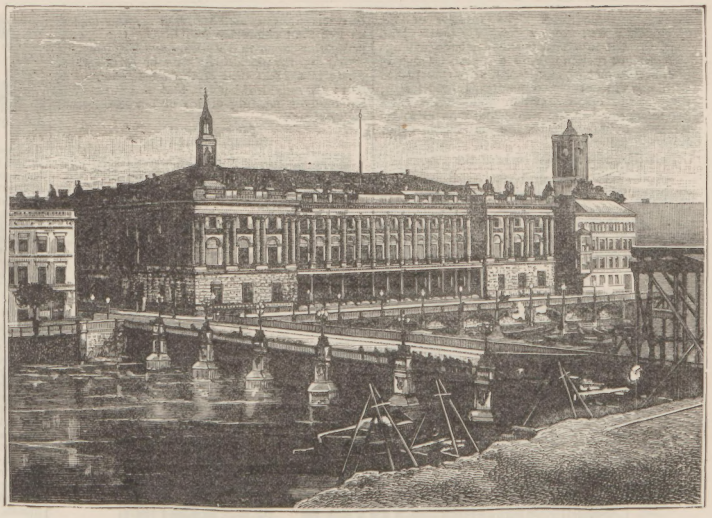
The Friedrichshain

(Frederick Forest), in the north-east, almost due east from the Thiergarten, with its rich flora and splendid woods, must not be forgotten. This wood is historically interesting, the common tomb of those killed in the struggle against the military in the March days of the Revolution of 1848 being there.

The north of the city is not wanting in a recreation-ground, which is supplied by the

Humboldthain

(Humboldt Forest), created within thest la few years. A monument in honour of the celebrated natural historian Alexander Von Humboldt has been erected in the forest, the varied woods and pleasant shady walks of which make it a most charming promenade. In the south-east of the city there is also the Treptow Park, and in the north-west the Kleine Thiergarten (Little Thiergarten) in the suburb of Moabit. All these pleasure-grounds are open to the public without admission fee. But a very delicious spot is the "Flora" (admission one shilling), in Charlottenburg. It is situated in a most lovely park, has beautifully arranged flower-beds, and also a magnificent palm-house. There are concerts, fireworks, and other pastimes. And this brings me to the



THE EXCHANGE AND FRIEDRICHSBRÜCKE, BERLIN.

Charlottenburg Racecourse,

which presented a grand spectacle on Aug. 15, the races being that day attended by the Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Charlottenburg races are always witnessed by large crowds, and have become quite an institution for high and low. But Berlin is not limited to one racecourse; it has two others, Weissensee and Hoppegarten, about eight miles from the city, easily accessible by rail.

People who are on limited leave often find themselves compelled to take a furtive glance at the various sights. I am somewhat in the same position. The space allowed to my letters is fast filling, and there remains so much to be said. Charlottenburg itself possesses other attractions than the racecourse; for instance, the Schloss, with its gardens and parks; and the mausoleum—one of the finest in Europe—with the tombs of Frederick William III. and Queen Luise. It will have shortly also that of the late Emperor William I. The Royal porcelain factory and the High School of Polytechnics are institutions deserving the visitor's attention.

Berlin is growing more beautiful every day. Look at the new thoroughfare, the

Kaiser-Wilhelmstrasse,

to the left the Dom (Cathedral), opposite to the Royal Schloss. The style of the new houses is baroque, differing *in toto* from that of

The Boerse

(the Exchange), in the Renaissance style, close to the Friedrichs Bridge, and not far from the

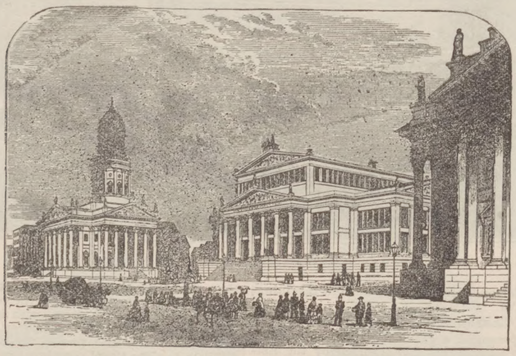
THE NEW KAISER-WILHELMSTRASSE, BERLIN.

Kaiser-Wilhelmstrasse. The interior of the Exchange is well worth a visit. Its inner grand hall, divided into two parts—a stock-exchange and produce-exchange—has a superficial area of 2687 square mètres, and its walls are embellished with magnificent fresco paintings by Kloeber, illustrative of commerce and agriculture. Strangers can visit the place, and it is most interesting to look upon the life and bustle below from the galleries.

Renaissance is also the style of the

Reichsbank

(Imperial Bank), a remarkably fine building in the Jägerstrasse. This street, perhaps in some parts of it the broadest in Berlin, barring Unter den Linden, has many fine buildings. It crosses the Gendarmenmarkt, from an architectural point



French Friedrichstadt Church. Royal Playhouse. New Church.

A BERLIN ARCHITECTURAL CORNER.

of view probably the finest square in Berlin. The first of all these edifices is the

Royal Playhouse,

built in the Greek style; in front of it a garden called the Schiller Plaz, with the splendid

Schiller Monument.

On either side of the Playhouse there are two fine churches—the French Friedrichstadt-Kirche to the north, and the New Church to the south. Admirers of works of art will find in these buildings and outside much to their taste. This Square, and some other Illustrations which accompany this letter, will convey to you an idea of the architectural pre-eminence of Berlin. Some further glimpses of its life and traffic must be reserved for my next letter. Arts and sciences, no less than commerce and trade, have a very prosperous home in this Empire-City, which is styled by the people the City of Intelligence. There is a great deal of that commodity, it is true: the only drawback is that the Berliner is too fond of boasting of his or her intellectual endowments.

(To be continued.)

GARDENING IN SEASON

The Flower Garden

will need a large share of care and attention to keep it in nice order for the remainder of the season. Most of the plants are now past their best, and the frequent showers, with alternations of bright sunshine, that have prevailed throughout the summer have promoted an exceptionally vigorous growth all round, so that, unless this is regulated and reduced considerably, a very rough and untidy appearance is sure to prevail. Neatness in the flower garden proper is at all times essential to its full enjoyment, and without it the finest flowers and most skilful cultivation lose half their charm. In the "wild garden," or "wilderness," it is not of so great importance, and yet even here dead leaves, spent flower-stalks, and, worse still, the stronger plants outgrowing and stifling their weaker neighbours constitute a very undesirable state of things, and should never be permitted. The formation of

Seed Vessels

exhausts a plant of any description more than anything else, and, if a succession of bloom is required, every flower that is past its best must be removed as soon as seen. Sweet peas are remarkable in this respect: if the dead flowers are removed before seed can be formed they will, with a fair allowance of moisture and nourishment, continue in bloom the summer long; but if only a few seed-pods are allowed to form on each plant they cease blooming directly. Beds of

Geraniums

(or, more correctly speaking, zonal pelargoniums) should be gone over, and every dead flower-stem or leaf removed. If a number of the stronger shoots are cut away and made into cuttings—and it is now high time for these to be in and rooting—the appearance of the bed will probably be greatly improved. Verbenas must have the shoots thinned if necessary, carefully regulated, and pegged down so as to cover the bed evenly and closely. Beds of petunias (single) may have the same attention bestowed upon them, but in this case some of the stronger shoots should be cut away, and the young growths from the base of the plants, which will soon commence flowering, be encouraged to take their places. Plants in

Carpet Beds

must be pinched closely back, so as to keep the lines of colour distinct, and prevent the various hues becoming blurred. Of course everyone knows that unless the flower-buds of the pretty tricoloured section of pelargoniums (such as Mrs. Pollock) are kept pinched off as they show, the leaves will lose much of their gay colouring. Cuttings of these and other choice kinds should now be put in as fast as they can be got: they will succeed best if inserted singly in what are known as "thumb-pots," which are about two inches in diameter. Cuttings of coleus and iresenes should be taken now, and rooted in pots in a gentle hotbed; but alternantheras had better be left until next month, then lift the old plants carefully, place them in small pots, and winter them in the stove or forcing-house. The

Roses

and other summer-flowering plants are nearly over, and such things as bloom during the autumn must now be depended upon to keep the garden gay.

Michaelmas Daisies

are among the very brightest and best, as well as the hardiest and most floriferous of all hardy autumn-flowering plants. I think few people have any idea what a charming variety of graceful and elegant blossoms is afforded by a good collection of these, the perennial asters. They are so easily grown, too—any bit of rooted sucker if planted in the spring making a strong flowering plant by the autumn, and annually increasing in size. They will grow—ay, and flourish—in any kind of soil, and fill up many an odd corner where scarcely anything else would grow, while for town gardens there is hardly anything to equal them, and the flowers are simply grand for cutting. A few of the best kinds are: A. formosissimus, with rosy purple flowers; A. lævis, bluish-lilac; A. polyphyllus, white with brown eye; A. versicolor, white changing to pink; A. turbinellus, blue, late-flowering; A. Novæ Angliæ, with rose-coloured blossoms; and A. Novæ Belgæ, bluish purple: these all grow tall, from three to five feet. A. amellus bessarbicus, hybridus nanus, pyrenæus, and speciosus are of dwarfer growth, but equally desirable, the first particularly so. The beautiful Christmas starwort (A. grandiflorus) is useless in cold or exposed gardens, but in sheltered nooks on the south and south-west coasts generally blossoms grandly in December. The roots should be divided and replanted every second or third year, and an occasional soaking of liquid manure in dry weather during the summer and autumn greatly increases the number and size of the flowers.

Pyrethrum Uliginosum

is one of the loveliest of all our autumn-blooming perennials. In good soil it grows five or six feet high, and produces, in September, a number of large white daisy-like blossoms which shyly hang their heads as if half afraid of their beauty being noticed. Another fine race of stately autumn flowers are the Tritomas, or

Red-hot Pokers.

Of these there are several varieties, though not one too many. But space forbids our lingering any longer among our flowers, and we must proceed to the

Vegetable Garden

at once. Here the most noticeable feature is the unusually rapid and vigorous growth that has been made during the last few weeks by almost all the occupants of this department—the weeds included. Brussels sprouts and other winter greens are attaining fine dimensions; but this does not by any means imply that they will stand severe weather any the better presently, rather the reverse. A firm, stocky, and short-jointed growth is much less liable to be injured by frost than stout stems and large leaves; and this is only to be ensured by setting the plants in only moderately rich ground, and trampling this until quite hard, also by avoiding anything like crowding, and so allowing air and sun to find their way in between the plants freely. By-the-way, plenty of

Cauliflower

seed should be sown at once to stand the winter, and be planted out in spring for the early summer supply. Sow the seed thinly in nursery beds or cold frames, and when large enough prick them off; in sheltered places they will usually stand the winter well on open-air borders under a south or west wall, but if room can be found for them will be much safer in a low pit or frame, however rough.

Beans

of both the scarlet-runner and dwarf kinds are very plentiful now, and are universally esteemed. All may not know that if a quantity of these are now sliced up, put into earthenware jars with plenty of salt, and placed in a cool cellar, they will keep in good condition for some weeks, and may be used at any time by being soaked in water to remove the salt, and then cooked in the usual way.

A New Raspberry,

called "Superlative," is attracting a good deal of attention among the Kentish growers. It is of very vigorous growth, and bears heavy crops of very large, handsome, and well-flavoured fruit. It is undoubtedly superior to most of the old kinds, and will, doubtless, in time replace them.

B. C. R.

The Release of Mr. Henry Vizetelly from Holloway Jail on Monday, little the worse for his incarceration, was a source of great gratification to the friends of this popular publisher.

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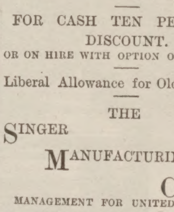
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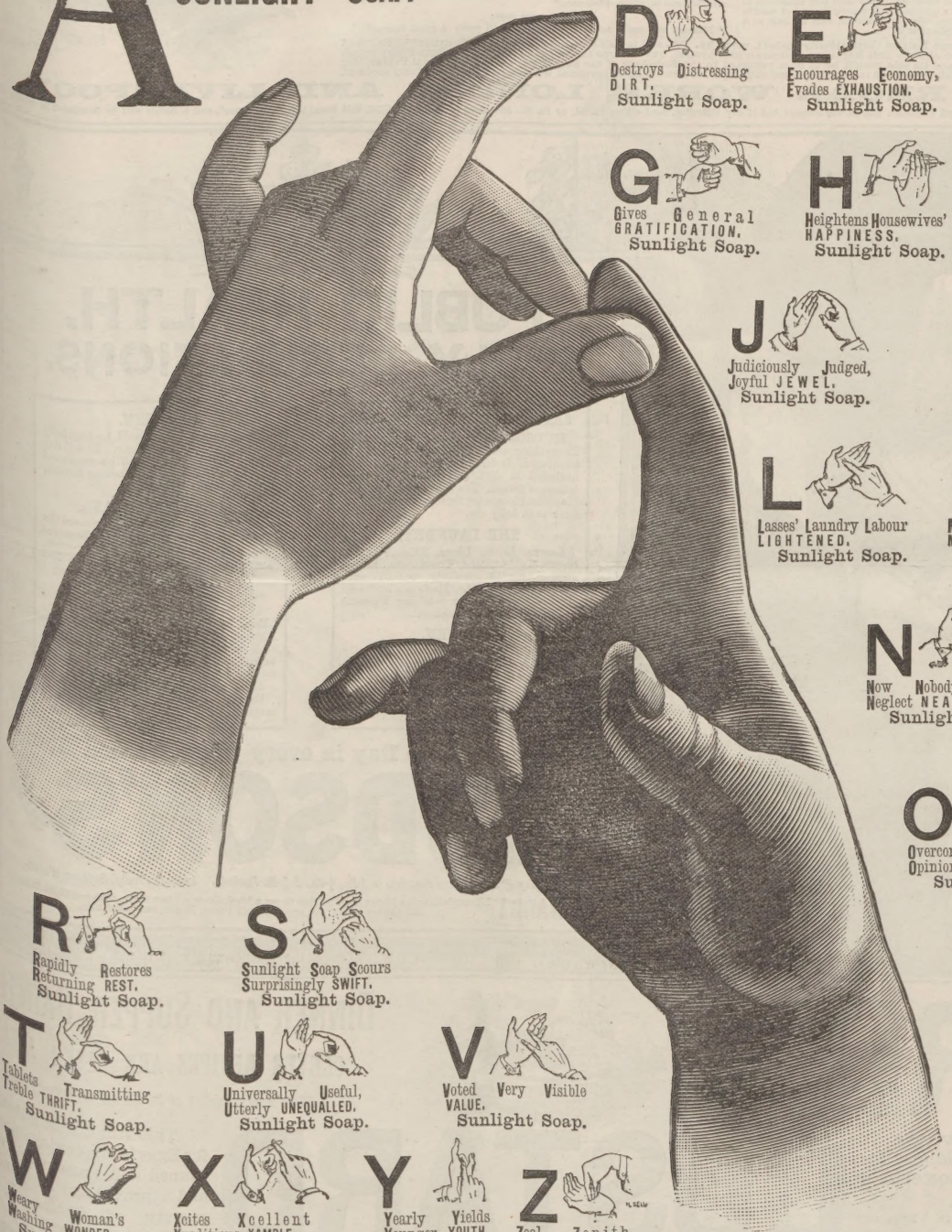

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Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888:—

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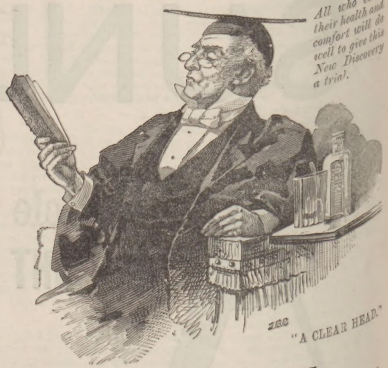
SALT REGAL



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